THE LAST SIEGE OF SERINGAPATAM

REV. E.W. THOMPSON

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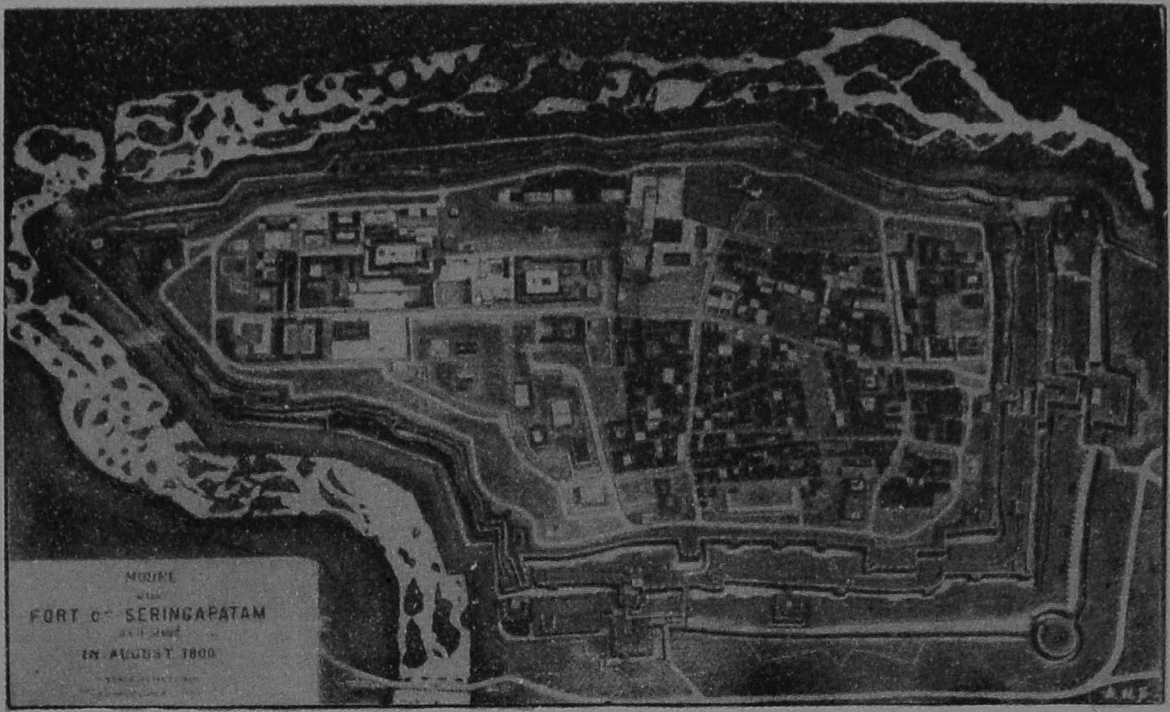

SERINGAPATAM FORT. AS IT WAS IN 1800.

Photographed from Model in the Palace, Mysore.

THE LAST SIEGE OF SERINGAPATAM

An Account of the Final Assault,
May 4th, 1799; of the Death and
Burial of Tippu Sultan; and of
the Imprisonment of British
Officers and Men; taken from the
Narratives of Officers present at
the Siege and of those who survived
their captivity; compiled by the

REV. E.W. THOMPSON

TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED
A SHORT GUIDE FOR THE
CONVENIENCE OF VISITORS

ASIAN EDUCATIONAL SERVICES
NEW DELHI ★ MADRAS ★ 1990

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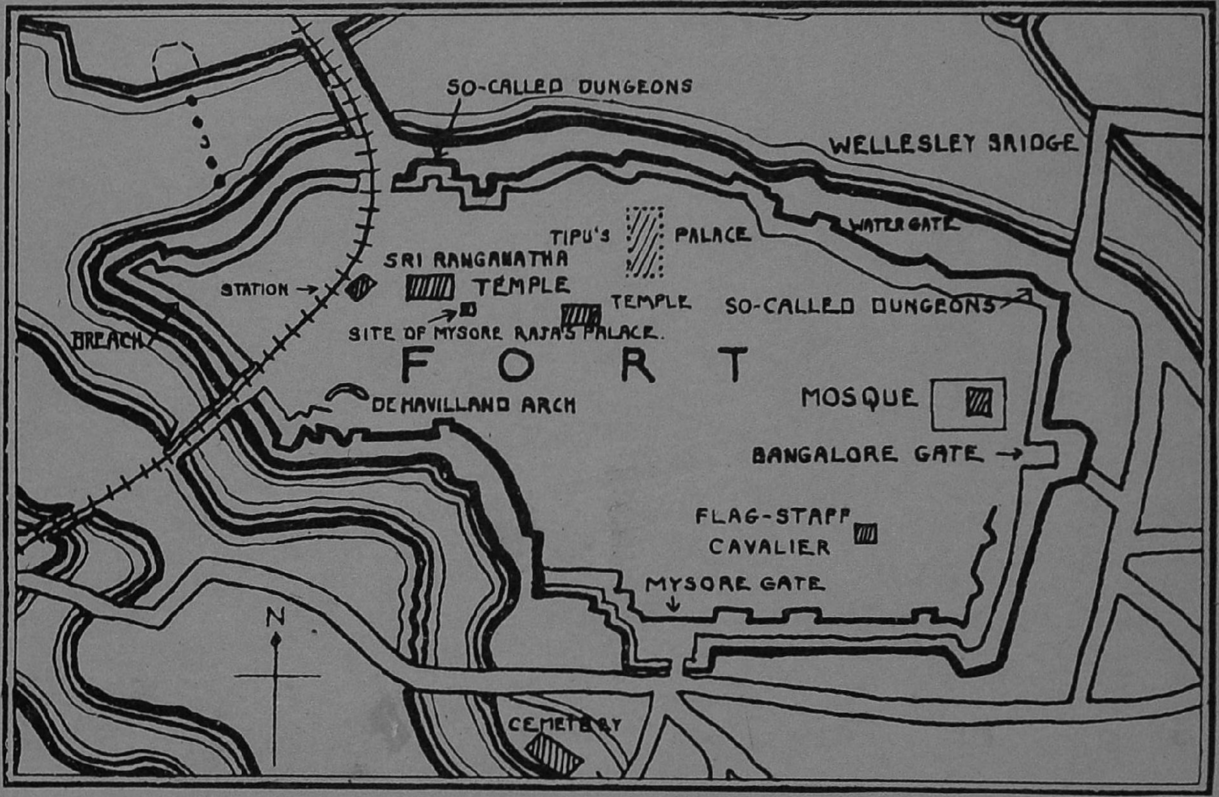
DIRECTIONS TO THE VISITOR

The visitor to Seringapatam, whether arriving by road or rail, can scarcely do better than proceed direct to the Breach at the North-West angle of the Fort. Thence let him walk along the Northern Rampart, following in the track of the column that was opposed by the Sultan himself. On the way, the Temple, the Delhi Gateway, the so-called Dungeons, and the Water Gate should be visited. A fine bird's-eye view of the Fort and the surrounding country may be had by climbing the minaret of the Grand Mosque. The heat of the day may be passed most pleasantly in the Darya Daulat Palace, where breakfast and tea can be served. The tomb of Haidar Ali and Tippu Sultan may be visited in the cool of the afternoon; while those who have a taste for the pleasure of melancholy cannot find a better time for viewing Scott's Bungalow and the Garrison Cemetery than when the shades of evening are about to fall.



MAP OF FORT. For General View see Large Map at end of Book.

PREFATORY NOTES

THIS is a little book for an hour, and it is intended chiefly to describe the events of one day—that memorable day on which the fortress of Seringapatam was taken by assault and in its fall involved the life and the fortunes of Tippu Sultan.

Yet Seringapatam has a history which only the labour of years can unravel. The rocks in mid-stream and some of the temples are associated with a legendary past. In the dawn of South Indian history the island itself seems to have been held by chieftains of the Ganga dynasty. In the twelfth century the Hoysala king of Dwarasamudra (Halebid) made a grant of land on either bank of the river to the great Sri Vaishnava apostle, Ramanujacharya, and his followers; and the large temple of Ranganatha is still one of the principal shrines of the sect. Later, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the ruler of Seringapatam became a feudatory of the Vijayanagar king, and early in the seventeenth century the Rajas of Mysore acquired the island for themselves and made it their seat of government.

Still, for most visitors, the main interest of this spot lies in the story of the brief Muhammadan usurpation of Haidar Ali and his son Tippu, and their contest with the rising British power. There are three phases of this struggle which are closely associated with Seringapatam. During the war of 1780—1784, a large number of British prisoners were confined in the Fort, including the well-known

officers, Colonel Baillie, Captain Baird, Colonel Braithwaite and General Matthews.

In 1791, Lord Cornwallis, after taking Bangalore, fought a successful engagement on the Northern bank of the river, but was compelled to retire through the failure of supplies. He returned, however, early next year, and in a night attack on February 6th, 1792, captured the redoubts on the north bank, chased Tippu's army across the river and took possession of the Petta of Ganjam. Tippu was driven to make a disadvantageous peace. The visitor who can spare an extra day for exploration may go over this battle-field, climb the Karighat hill and discover the traces of former fortification.[1]

The brief campaign of 1799, was the final and decisive stroke. On April 5th the Madras Army, under General Harris, took up its ground opposite the west face of the Fort and on the 16th the Bombay Army, under General Stuart, was in position on the north bank. The soldier will take a professional pleasure in tracing the lines of approach and locating the different posts successively occupied by the besiegers; but for all, soldier and civilian alike, the interest culminates in the final assault and the utter overthrow of Tippu's power on May 4th, 1799. So that we may repeat, this is a little book for an hour and is descriptive of a day.

The Place where Tippu Fell

The extracts, of which this little book mainly consists, are taken from Colonel Beatson's *View of the Origin and Conduct of the War with Tippoo Sultaun*, published

[1] See Major Dirom's *Narrative*, published in 1793.

in London in 1800. The author was Surveyor-General to the army in the field, and was able therefore to give a most exact account of the operations and progress of the siege. His book is made the more valuable by the plans and maps it contains. One of his sketches has been reproduced here, and is of use not only in conveying an impression of the general appearance of the Fort, but also in showing the position of the British batteries and the approaches to the walls. I have made no attempt to change the prim rhetoric of the eighteenth century —nor even its quaint spelling. No modern guide could be so interesting or so accurate as the gallant men, who had a share in the struggle and were eye-witnesses of what they describe.

Yet one explanation is necessary. The visitor to Seringapatam will be utterly unable to understand these extracts, unless he rids himself of a popular error. The Water Gate on the north face of the Fort is usually pointed out as the place where Tippu fell; and the Government of Mysore has lent its sanction to this error by recently placing an inscription on the gate to the effect that Tippu fell "at the northern end of this archway." Disappointing as it may be, the plain and undeniable fact is that the gate in which Tippu was slain is standing no longer. It led into the town, through the "inner rampart," which was demolished and thrown into the "inner ditch" within a year after the British troops took possession of the Fort.

At the time of the siege there were on the north and west faces of the Fort the following defences, which are all mentioned by Colonel Beatson—(1) the

glacis of the outer ditch, (2) the retaining wall of the outer ditch, (3) the outer ditch, (4) the *fausse-braye* (the slight wall loop-holed for musketry at the foot of the outer rampart), (5) the "outer rampart," (6) the "inner ditch," (7) the "inner rampart." The only place where all these defences can be traced to-day is the north-west angle. Standing on the Breach and looking across the river towards the two guns which mark the spot whence the columns debouched for the assault, the visitor may see beneath him the remains of *glacis*, retaining wall, outer ditch, *fausse-braye*; and the broad wall, on which he himself stands, is the "outer rampart." Then turning round, he finds far below all that is left of the once formidable "inner ditch," and on the farther side the "cavalier" still towers aloft, which was the point of junction of the "inner ramparts" on the west and north faces.

In the extract which is printed here, Col. Beatson says that this inner rampart was of mud, and seemed to have formed part of the ancient Fort. Elsewhere he writes, "Considerable additions had been made to the fortifications since the year 1792. . . . To the north-west angle of the Fort, an entire new bastion of European construction, with faces and flanks, had been added; and *a new inner or second rampart, having a deep ditch, extending the whole length of the north face was in some forwardness.*" There is not necessarily any inconsistency in these statements. It may well have been that an old mud wall of the ancient Hindu fort existed, and that Tippu determined to strengthen this and convert it into a second line of defence, by prolonging it and by excavating a deep ditch in front of it and raising the height of the rampart.

What then became of this inner rampart? In the photograph of the model of the Fort, which is reproduced here, neither inner rampart nor ditch appears on the north and west faces. Yet this model was prepared from the survey made by Major-General Ross in August, 1800. The explanation is simple. These new works were unfinished, they were of no value from a military point of view, they occupied valuable room, and were unsanitary. Accordingly we find that they were demolished within a few months after the British occupation. The following extract from the Despatches of Colonel Wellesley (afterwards the great Duke of Wellington), the first Commandant of the Fort, is sufficient. It is dated, November 25th, 1799. "To conclude, I recommend that the inside rampart may be thrown into the inside ditch on the north and south-west faces . . . that a work of the nature of a redoubt should be constructed at each flank of the inner rampart, which, I propose, should remain on the south and east faces."

All our accounts agree in stating that Tippu was slain in attempting to pass from the "outer rampart" through the "inner rampart" into the town, probably with a view to reaching the Palace. If he had been killed in the existing Water Gate, he could only have been attempting to escape towards the river.

If the visitor will remember that the broad rampart along which he walks is that on which Tippu made his last stand, until he mounted his favourite mare and rode away, and that the green sward which borders it on the inside marks the site of the inner ditch and rampart—the story told by our eye-witnesses will become as clear as the day.

The question still remains as to where the gate in the inner rampart stood. Local tradition points to a spot in the garden wall to the east of the Water Gate. There is nothing improbable in this tradition. It is certain that the place was near to the Water Gate and Colonel Beatson's map indicates a spot slightly to the east of it.

Seringapatam is still remembered as the place where many brave and unfortunate men underwent the inhumanities and privations of a rigorous captivity. The bomb-proof shelters on the north face and in the north-east angle are pointed out as the dungeons in which some of these prisoners were confined. I am not aware of any historical proof that connects these places with this use. Probably the number of British prisoners in Seringapatam was largest during the war which was waged between the years 1780 and 1784. Most of them were taken in one or other of three successful engagements fought by the Mysore troops during this period. On September 10th, 1780, Haidar Ali with his army cut off the detachment of Colonel Baillie near Conjeeveram, and marched many of the survivors to Seringapatam. On February 18th, 1782, Colonel Braithwaite was defeated near Tanjore; and in the following year General Matthews capitulated at Bednur on April 30th.

The "Dungeons" and Prisoners

General Sir David Baird, then a Captain, was among the prisoners taken with Colonel Baillie. He certainly was not confined in one of the shelters on the ramparts; for Colonel Beatson tells us incidentally that his prison was a "small Malabar house." Fortunately, however, we have a detailed

account of the experiences of himself and his companions. The *Memoirs of the Late War in Asia, with a Narrative of the Imprisonment and Sufferings of our Officers and Soldiers*, was published in London by J. Murray in 1788. The author was "an officer of Colonel Baillie's detachment." His book contains a diary kept during the captivity, and a plan of the prison-house. It was an ordinary native house with a courtyard, surrounded by a mud wall eighteen feet high. Here more than forty officers were confined.

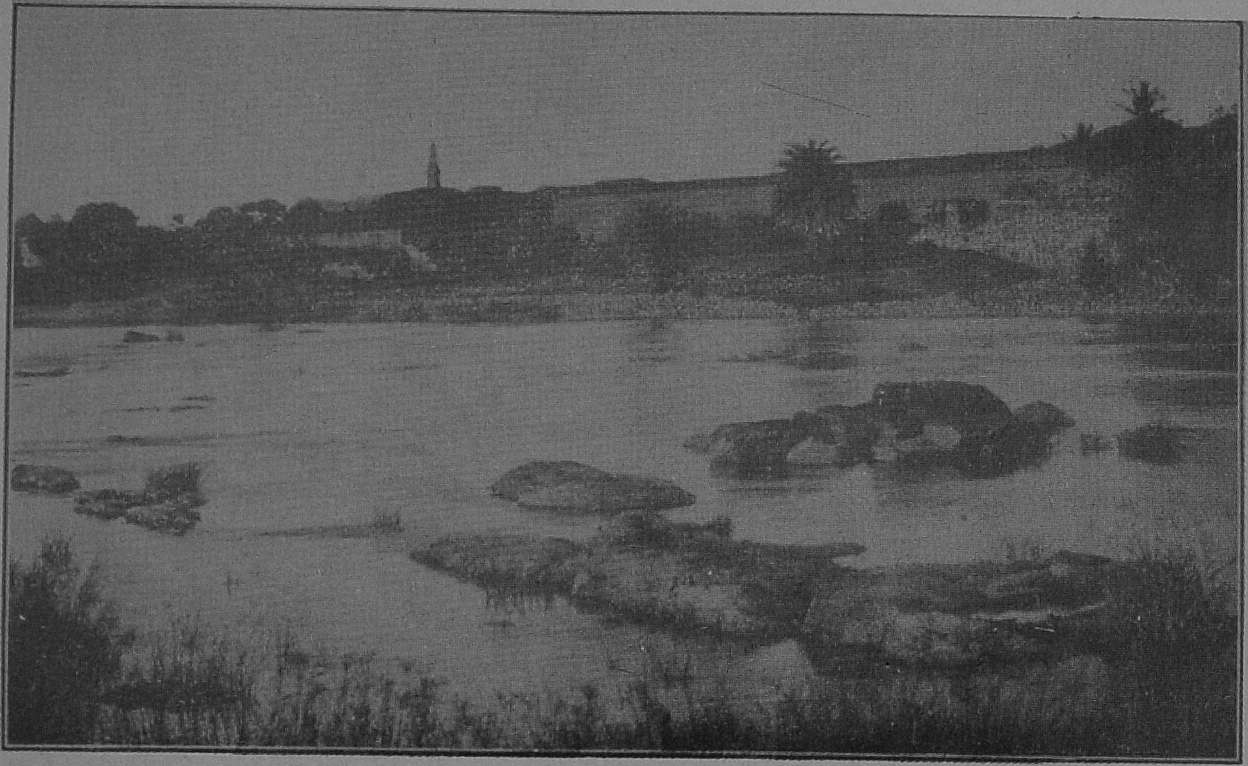
Data for locating this house may be gathered from the book. The author writes: "The spacious Palace in which the young king of Mysore resides stands in a large square, in the very centre of Seringapatam, in an angle of which our prison was also situated." Now Tippu's Palace stood at the east end of the Maidan, marked M in the Model, and fronted west; while the old Mysore Palace stood at the south-west corner of the Maidan, near to the temple of Ranganatha.[1] The position of the prison was such that the inmates could see English captive boys walking on the flat roof of Tippu's Palace; could understand their signals, but could not hear their words. It was such that they frequently saw the "European Musulmans" at drill, and were able to watch the Dasara festivities

[1] The map of Seringapatam in the *Mysore Gazetteer* is inaccurate in its location of the old Mysore Palace. It places this behind Tippu's residence, to the east of it. This is probably due to a confusion with the small house "adjoining the northern rampart," to which the Mysore family was removed about 1796. The old Mysore Palace was then used by Tippu as an armoury and store-house, and allowed to fall into disrepair. It was being pulled down in 1800.

of September 27th, 1783, when the young Raja was seated on a throne in a balcony, while the usual games and display of fireworks took place in front of his Palace. The prisoners seem to have had so near a view of the Raja and of the Dasara proceedings that one might conjecture that the prison was situated somewhere on the south or west side of the Maidan. It is worth noting that when they were released, they "crossed the parade" to go to the Sultan's Palace.

Tippu seems to have preferred to keep the commanders apart; for General Baillie's prison was a "choultry," and General Matthews and Colonel Braithwaite were confined in houses elsewhere. The non-commissioned officers and men were shut up in "the square prison." There were between two and three hundred of them at this time, and alas! also a woman or two.

There were thus several prisons in different parts of the Fort. The meeting-place for the prisoners' servants was the well. Here they conveyed one to another the messages that had been entrusted to them by their masters and exchanged letters, rolled up in cheroots or otherwise ingeniously concealed. There was a dhobie, too, who washed such scanty linen as the officers possessed, and was employed to carry the "fanams," or "dubs," which they scraped together for fellow-prisoners in sorer distress than they themselves were in. Sometimes they sewed up their coins as buttons; but no matter what device was used, the tale was always short when the money reached the other end. Dhobies, even to this day, have a way of losing buttons. The *Memoirs* are a chequered pattern of light and shade. The officers in the prison are



THE BREACH, FROM THE SOUTH BANK OF THE RIVER

most of them in irons and oppressed by want of exercise; their daily pittance barely suffices for the simplest fare; they are without medical attendance and medicines, save the commonest bazaar remedies. Books and writing materials are denied to them: the scissors and knives with which they manufacture a few articles of furniture must be concealed under the tiles or buried in the ground. Now and again bad news filters into their prison-house. Baillie has died from grief and the callous neglect of his custodians; General Matthews has been compelled to take the fatal draught, and a dozen of his officers have been poisoned in like manner at Kabbal Drug. Three officers—Fraser, Rumney and Sampson—had been taken to Mysore and murdered there. Every inspection renews the fear that someone will be called out for execution or, worse still, forced to submit to the rite of Islam and take service with the Sultan.

But the story is brightened by invincible cheerfulness, mutual forbearance, unselfishness, and the courage that shows itself in endurance and hope. The prison poet writes his doggerel in comic celebration of their woes, or sings the virtues of "Sid Abram" (Sayyid Ibrahim), the Commandant of the Prison. This man was one of the Company's officers, and neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to change his allegiance and accept a commission from Tippu. After his death, his grateful masters, the Honourable Company, reared his tomb.

The Day of Release

So the months dragged their slow length along, until the peace of 1784 brought release. Let the diarist tell the story:

"While we were in this gloomy state of mind, and ready to sink under the pressure of melancholy and black despair ; behold, within the walls of our dismal dungeon, a Bramin sent from Tippu Sultaun, with a formal intimation of the final conclusion of peace!—And that our irons were to be knocked off next day.—The emotions that sprung up in our breasts on receiving this intelligence, were so strong and lively, and raised to such a point of elevation and excess, as almost bordered on pain!—The whole prison resounded with the frantic voice of sudden as well as excessive joy and exultation. This tumult having in some degree subsided, though we were incapable of entire composure and rest, a proposal was made, and most readily embraced, to collect all the ready money in our possession, without the least regard to equal shares or proportions, and to celebrate the joyful news of our approaching deliverance with some plantain fritters, and sherbet ; the only articles of luxury we could then command, on account of our extreme poverty. By nine o'clock at night, supper was announced, consisting of sixty dozen of plantains, and a large chatty of sherbet. Every one being seated on the ground, the repast was received with the utmost content and satisfaction. Friends and toasts were drunk, as long as our chatty stood out ; and such was the agitation of our minds, that there was not one of us who felt the least inclination, or indeed who possessed the power to compose himself for sleep. We now waited with the utmost impatience for the return of day and were impressed with a strong desire that our irons might be knocked off immediately ; but, to our great

mortification, about seven in the morning, there arrived only one armourer. Every one struggled to have his fetters knocked off first. Promises, threats, bustling and jostling ; every expedient that could be imagined was put in practice, in order to obtain that which would come unsought for, in the course of a few minutes, or hours at further. The same men who had suffered the rigours of imprisonment, and the menaces of a barbarous policy, with invincible resolution and patience, as well as with mutual sympathy and complaisance, for years, were so transported by the near prospect of liberty, that the delay of a few moments seemed now to be more insupportable than even the tedious languor of our long, most alarming, and anxious confinement.

"Between two and three in the afternoon, our irons were all knocked off, and then we were conducted, under the charge of a guard, to the Killedar. In crossing the parade to Hyder's Palace, several European boys, in the Mahomedan dress, who had been forcibly circumcised, came near to us, imploring our assistance in a most distressful manner. The only consolation we could give them, was, to assure them, that whenever we arrived at Madras, their melancholy situation should be faithfully and feelingly described to the Governor, in order to procure their enlargement. We now were brought before the Killedar, who was lodged in Hyder's Palace, and sat in a verandah, surrounded by his guards. Our names being taken down, with our rank and other circumstances, we were conducted to Colonel Braithwaite's prison.

"Towards the close of the evening, after the soldiers and black prisoners were collected, we

moved off from the Fort to Soomner-Pettah, a village distant about two miles. On our arrival at the Choultry of this place, we had an opportunity of conversing with our soldiers. Their marks of affection, respect and joy, at meeting with their officers, after so long a separation, were not less sincere than extravagant. The sight of the country, the fair face of nature in a rich and delicious climate, from which we had been so long excluded, excited in our minds the most various and pleasing emotions, and struck us with all the force of novelty. We were indulged with permission to walk about in the bazaar, and to bathe in the river, a most delicious as well as salutary refreshment. Every object, and every recreation, became now a source of exquisite satisfaction and delight; all that satiety, and indifference to the bounty of nature, which arises from undisturbed possession, and perhaps still more from vicious habits, being effectually overcome and destroyed by the painful purification of months, added to months, in a succession that threatened to terminate either in perpetual slavery or death.

"Though our irons were knocked off, it was a long time before we recovered the entire use of our limbs, and learned to walk with perfect freedom: never was the inveterate power of habit more forcibly displayed than on this occasion. We could never get the idea of our being in fetters out of our heads. No effort of our minds, no act of volition, could, for several days, overcome the habit of making the short and constrained steps to which we had been so long accustomed. Our crippled manner of walking was a subject of laughter to ourselves as well as to others."

Unhappily not all the British prisoners with Tippu were set free at this time. Some were left behind and abandoned to a hopeless captivity. Among these was James Scurry, a Devonshire lad, who, with the assistance of his Editor, has told his tale in *The Captivity, Sufferings and Escape of James Scurry*, published in London in 1824. He sailed from England in His Majesty's ship, "Hannibal," which fell in with a French squadron in the Indian seas and hauled down her flag. The French Admiral Suffrein handed over all his prisoners to Haidar's officers at Cuddalore in June, 1782. Some of them were mere children and, with the fife and drum boys of the army, they were forcibly circumcised and formed into a corps of military slaves, wearing a "silver pearl" in their right ear in token of their condition. They were drilled for some time by Sergeant Dempster, a deserter from the Bengal Artillery, whom Scurry loved little and despised as a traitor. Yet, poor fellow, he was piked to death not long after for an attempt to escape from a service which he loathed.

The Devonshire Lad

James Scurry declares that there were a hundred Europeans—deserters, boys and others—who were thus left behind; and he blames severely the commissioners, who negotiated the peace, for their carelessness and want of humanity. But his companion, Whiteway, probably with more justice, says that the British authorities may not have known of the existence of these prisoners; and in any case it would have been difficult to recover them, for Tippu had marched the company of lads away to Mysore when the negotiations were in progress, and would not have scrupled to put

them to death had there been any prospect of their release. James Scurry was a captive in a strange land for nearly ten years; but, being sent to serve in the garrison of Chitaldrug, he managed to escape with four others. The fugitives made their way north to join the Mahrattas, who were then our allies.

At Harihar they came to one of our outposts, and were directed by the sentinel to Dr. Little's house. "This man was an English, or, which is all one, a Scotchman. His surprise was so great that we could not, for a while, get any words from him; and no wonder, for he had never seen such a sight before. We were in Tippoo's full uniform, that is, all that was left of it; turbans on iron hoops, tiger jackets, with a camel[1] over our shoulders and tied round our loins, mustaches nearly reaching our ears, two of us sorely wounded by falls, and the whole, in pushing through thickets, completely scarified. . . . We informed him we had been taken in the Hannibal, 50-gun ship, in the year 1782, by Count de Suffrein, and delivered over to Hyder Ali; and that we had, after a variety of hardships, providentially effected our escape. Here a pathetic scene took place; the good doctor's sensibility was touched and the tears trickled down his face as fast as they could flow." The good doctor called them in and set Scotch cheer before them.

Afterwards James Scurry joined General Medows Division before Seringapatam, but too late to be of any service, since the treaty had been concluded with the

[1] A blanket, probably from the Kanarese word *kambali* or *kambal*, as Musalmans pronounce it.

enemy. He then went home to England, where his dark skin, his uncouth manners—for he found it difficult to wear English clothes and eat in English fashion again—attracted much notice. Sailor-like he must needs hire a chaise and four and drive up with a tremendous flourish to the house at Porlock, where were living the mother and sister who had long given him up for dead. With a voyage or privateering adventure for occasional diversion, he settled down to business, and for some years kept a grocer's shop in Plymouth. Doubtless James sighed at times behind his counter amidst his sugar, bacon and cheese for the prison at Seringapatam—such is the contrariety of human nature.

The Sports at Seringapatam

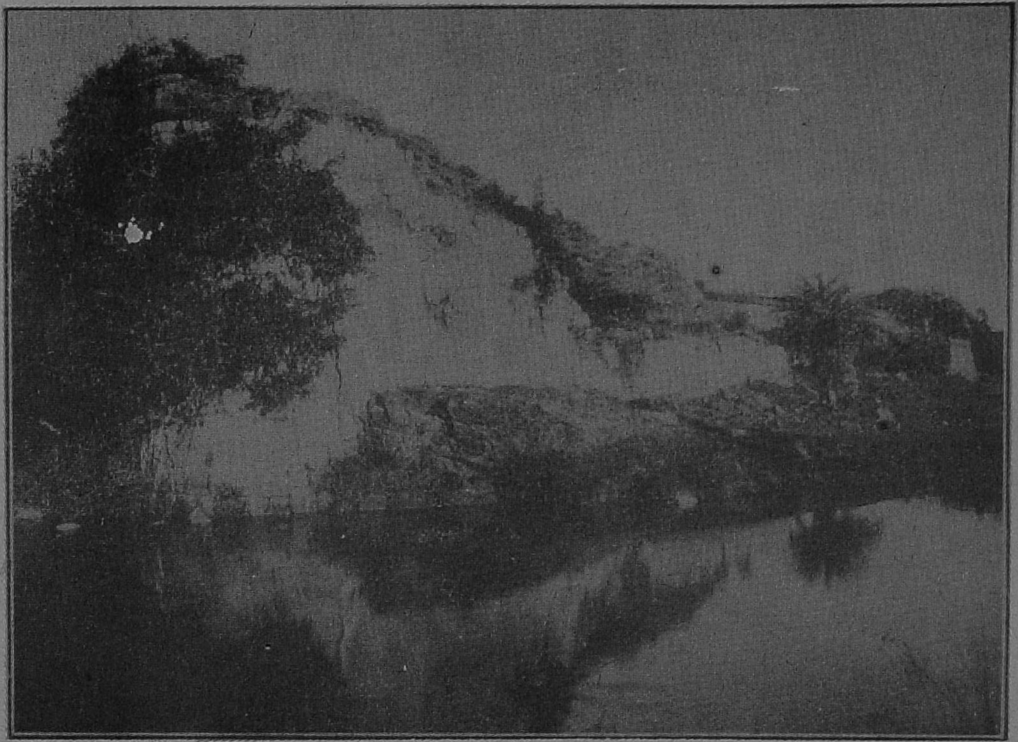
I will take two more extracts only from his little book. The first is a description of the sports, witnessed by him at Seringapatam before Tippu's Palace, on the parade ground:

"After the usual preparations were arranged, which consisted of a strong rope network, attached to stanchions fixed in the ground, forming a semi-circle in front of his Palace, different descriptions of beasts were brought in, *viz*. elephants, tigers, buffaloes, and rams; then followed his *getiees*,[1] men who, being trained from their infancy to fighting, were wonderfully active and strong; these were seated in different groups, having come from different schools. The games commenced with the rams, perhaps thirty or forty pair each day; their mode of fighting is well known, and therefore needs no description: they would fight ferociously, but were seldom suffered to be completely conquered.

[1] *Jettis*.

"This being over, the *getiees* would be sent for, who always approached with their masters at their head, and after prostration, and making their grand salams, touching the ground each time, they would be paired, one school against another. They had on their right hands the *woodguamootie*,[1] or four steel talons, which were fixed to each back joint of their fingers, and had a terrific appearance when their fists were closed. Their heads were close shaved, their bodies oiled, and they wore only a pair of short drawers. On being matched, and the signal given from Tippu, they begin the combat, always, by throwing the flowers, which they wear round their necks, in each other's faces; watching an opportunity of striking with the right hand, on which they wore this mischievous weapon, which never failed lacerating the flesh, and drawing blood most copiously. Some pairs would close instantly, and no matter which was under, for the gripe was the whole; they were in general taught to suit their holds to their opponent's body, with every part of which, as far as concerned them, they were well acquainted. If one got a hold against which his antagonist could not guard, he would be the conquerer; they would frequently break each other's legs and arms; and if any way tardy, Tippu had means of infusing spirit into them, for there were always two stout fellows behind each, with instruments in their hands that would soon put them to work. They were obliged to fight as long as Tippu pleased, unless completely crippled; and if they behaved well, they were generally rewarded with a turban and shawl, the quality being according to their merit.

[1] *Wajramushti*.



THE WEST ANGLE OF THE RAMPART.

"Outside the semicircle, there would every day appear a man on lofty stilts, with one of the Company's uniforms on; at one time he would seem to take snuff, at another tobacco; then he would affect to be intoxicated; in short, it was intended as a burlesque on the English, and to make them appear as ridiculous as possible in the view of the numerous spectators.

"This being over, the tigers and buffaloes would be introduced, the former in large boxes, as they were caught in the jungles. The largest had generally chains round their loins. I have seen one of these last-mentioned tigers defeat nine buffaloes, each of which would have been an overmatch for the fiercest bull I ever saw in Europe. He was chained at the time, though he had full scope to reach his antagonist. Many of the smaller ones were let loose singly on the pulligars, or pikemen. One of these fierce creatures, although he had twenty or more pikes in him at once, broke them, and sprung over their heads, killing one man, and wounding two others. It appeared singularly strange to us, that this tiger and another, which made their escape out of the ring by surprising efforts, should both of them make direct for the prison in which our officers were confined. The brave Captain Baird, now Sir David Baird, was there at the time, with many more of our unfortunate officers, who, no doubt, if living, will remember this circumstance.

"Towards the close of the evening, would follow eight or ten pair of these *getiees*, either of whom, had they one of their own holds of our first-rate pugilist, would soon make him cry for mercy. In the evening the elephants would be ordered in, when there would be lying on the ground, a dozen or more supposed

dead tigers. The business of these elephants was to trample on them, which the keepers could not compel many to do, though they inflicted severe punishment on the refractory. The stoutest elephant always appeared to me to be very uneasy at the sight of a tiger! These games were concluded every night with fireworks, some of which were superlatively grand and curious, exciting at once our astonishment and admiration."

A Strange Betrothal

The second extract describes the way in which these English lads were betrothed to girls torn by the Mysore armies from the Madras Presidency. Probably Tippu's hope was that his prisoners, once married, would settle down in the land of their exile.

"There were, at this time, a number of young girls, who had been driven with their relations out of the Carnatic, when Hyder infested that country, which he almost over-ran, as already stated. Some of these poor creatures were allotted for us; and one morning, we were ordered to fall into rank and file, when those girls were placed one behind each of us, while we stood gazing at one another, wondering what they were about to do. At last, the *durga*[1] gave the word, "To the right about face"; with the addition (in the Moorish language) of "take what is before you." This when understood, some did, and some did not; but the refractory were soon obliged to comply. Thus they fed their vanity, by making our first interview as ludicrous as possible, each being by this means supplied with a piece of furniture, for which, however valuable in general, we had neither want nor inclination.

[1] *Daroga*.

"When this ceremony was completed, we were ordered back to our square, and on our return with our young black doxies, we had the bazaar, or public market, to pass, where the crowd was so difficult to penetrate, as to separate us. This laid the foundation for some serious disputes afterwards, many insisting that the women they had, when they arrived at the square, were not the same they had at first. This scene was truly comic, for the girls, when we understood them, which was many months afterwards, had the same views that we had; and were frequently engaged with their tongues, on this score, long before we could understand the cause of their disputes. Our enemies seemed to enjoy this in a manner that would have done honour to a British theatre."

After two months a Muhammadan priest performed a more regular marriage ceremony. James Scurry speaks with respect of his bride, a maiden from Arcot—"an affectionate creature," who proved faithful to him in all the perils, poverty, and suffering of his lot. There is no more simply affecting passage in the story than his account of their parting. The regiment had been ordered out and James Scurry and the others had determined secretly to seize the opportunity to escape. The order for marching came late in the evening. Outside his hut, the battalion was mustering under arms, and the Englishman was being called repeatedly by his "Moorish name, Sham Shu Cawn"; within the hut, Scurry was looking at his wife and child for the last time. The woman's gaze was anxious and fearful, "her soul in her eyes"; for to all her enquiries about his intentions, her

husband had returned evasive answers. The man, afraid that a kind farewell would break down his resolution, tore himself away without speaking a single word. His heart-hunger for the faces of his own folk and the lanes of Devonshire had prevailed.

It is evident that some of the men left behind in 1784 preferred to remain where they were; many of them were deserters and ne'er-do-weels who could not return to the service of their King and did not care to show their faces again to their fellow countrymen. Some of them came into the hands of Cornwallis in 1792, when they were found living miserably in Ganjam, and they were sent down to Madras in custody. Whiteway, who had been a middy on the "Fortitude," tells us an amusing story of a man of this type—Captain White by name. He had been boatswain of the "Essex," East Indiaman, and his ship was taken by the French. When she struck, White was engaged in plundering the gun-room. The East Indiaman was recovered by the English, and White was disgraced. In Madras he took command of a "country scow," which was captured by Suffrein; and, when White arrived at Seringapatam, his previous character being well known, he was treated very coolly by his fellow prisoners. However, he was not easily to be discouraged, and he gave out that he was well acquainted with the art of casting cannon. Haidar and Tippu, who were always on the look-out for artificers, were only too glad to take him out of prison for this work.

The Ne'er-do-weels

"Captain White had a foundry built, at a considerable expense; and, in his first effort, having melted

VIEW OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONT OF SERINGAPATAM.

Shewing the Approaches, the Batteries, the Breach and the Explosion of the Rocket-Magagine.—From Colonel Beatson's "Narrative."

his metal, he unfortunately cast only half a gun. This misfortune was laid on some enemy, who envied his situation. A second attempt was made and this was imperfect at the breech; which caused suspicions and murmurings. A third effort was then made with a gun, on a small scale; but this turned out crooked. The crooked gun was chiselled to render it serviceable; but this proved a vain attempt. It still remained crooked; and neither the ingenuity nor the power of White could bring it straight. In this dilemma, he had the hardihood to assert that this cannon would be of most essential service to Hyder; and on being asked for what purpose? he replied, '*To fire round the corners.*'"

This was too much even for Haidar. White was reprimanded for his "vain pretensions," mulcted of his pay, and sent to Bangalore to try his hand at the humbler task of casting cannon shot. He made his way to Madras and obtained a passage to England, where he was hanged at the Old Bailey for forging seamen's wills.

At the final siege of 1799, after the deliverances of 1784 and 1792, there were still a number of Europeans in the Fort. What happened to some of them is not known. As we shall see, the report that Tippu had put to death[1] thirteen of the prisoners that fell into his hands during the siege, kindled the naturally inflammable temper of General Baird. The report seems to have been verified by exhuming the bodies of some of the victims.

[1] In "a square building, behind Nunda Raije's house, called the Hackery stables."

It is high time, however, to close these chronicles, so near and warm in their human interest. If they can invest for an hour the crumbling ruins of this island fortress—now overgrown with weed and jungle creeper—with the romance of the past, and re-people its waste places with the forms of living men, they have done their work. There is here much of treachery and cowardice, of lust and, hard by it, hate and cruelty; there is also enough, on both sides, of loyalty and active daring, of patience, honour and gentleness, to make us thankful that we live and are men.

Acknowledgments

I have to thank His Highness the Maharaja for kind permission to photograph the model of the Fort in the Mysore Palace, and to search the Jagan Mohan library; the Rev. H. Gulliford for the loan of the three old and valuable books which are most quoted here; and the Rev. R. W. Boote, B.Sc., and Mr. T. Gould for the photographs from which the illustrations have been prepared. It owes to the lastnamed alone its half-tone blocks and any technical merits that it may possess.

E. W. THOMPSON.

Mysore,
June 20th, 1907.

THE ASSAULT

May 4th, 1799

COLONEL BEATSON'S NARRATIVE

AS the Breach was considered practicable on the evening of the 3rd, the troops destined for the assault were stationed in the trenches before daybreak on the 4th; they consisted of two thousand, four hundred and ninety-four Europeans, and eighteen hundred and eighty-two native infantry, under the command of Major-General Baird, who had offered his service on this occasion.

General Baird, having been instructed by the Commander-in-Chief to make the capture of the rampart his first object, formed the force under his command into two separate columns, which were to advance from the trenches at the same time, and after getting possession of the Breach, to file off to the right and left.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop, commanding the left column (which consisted of six European flank companies from the Bombay Army, His Majesty's 12th and 33rd Regiment, ten flank companies of Bengal sepoys, and fifty artillerymen), was directed to assault the northern rampart.

The flank companies of the Scotch Brigade, and Regiment De-Meuron, the grenadier companies of His Majesty's 73rd and 74th Regiments, fourteen flank companies of sepoys, and fifty artillerymen composed the right column, which was destined for the

attack of the southern rampart, under the command of Colonel Sherbrooke.

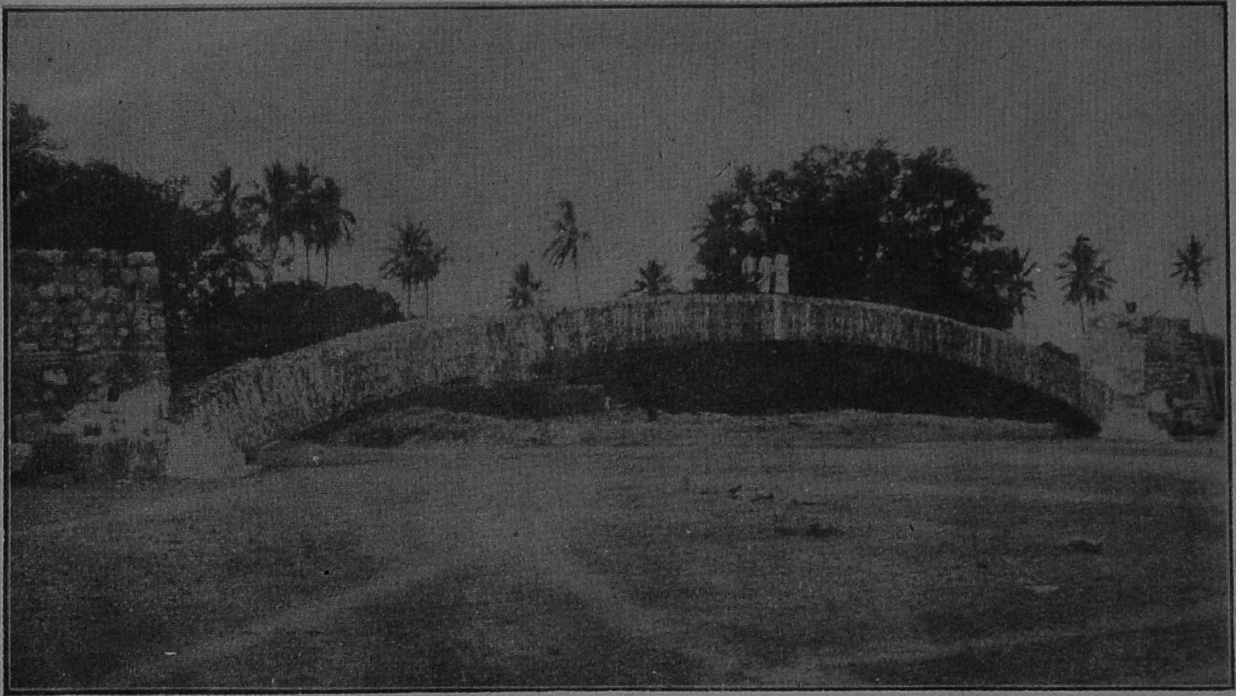
The officers commanding both columns received orders to push forward with their European flank companies to the eastern rampart, there to unite and form, until arrangements were made for the attack of such of the cavaliers as might not have been seized at the first onset; or for the attack of the enemy's troops within the town, if those measures should become necessary.

About half-past one o'clock, in the afternoon, General Baird having completed his arrangements, stepped out of the trench, drew his sword, and in the most heroic and animating manner said to his men, "Come, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers!" In an instant both columns rushed from the trenches, and entered the bed of the river, under cover of the fire of the batteries. Being immediately discovered by the enemy, they were assailed by rockets and musketry.

The forlorn hope of each attack consisted of a serjeant and twelve Europeans, who were followed by two subalterns' parties; that of the right column was commanded by Lieutenant Hill of the 74th, and the other of the left column by Lieutenant Lawrence[1] of the 77th.

A brigade of engineers, under Captain Caldwell, accompanied the storming party. Lieutenant Farquhar of the 74th commanding the European pioneers, and Lieutenant Lalor of the 73rd, both of whom had

[1] The father of Sir Henry and Lord John Lawrence.



DE HAVILLAND'S ARCH.

De Havilland, an engineer officer, built this arch in his bungalow compound to prove that a brick span of this width (112 feet) was possible. He designed the large Hall at Government House, Mysore.

examined the Fort,[1] conducted the columns: the remainder of the Regiment De-Meuron, and three battalions of native infantry, under the command of Colonel Wellesley, remained in the trenches, to be ready to support the troops ordered upon the assault, in case it should be necessary. Major-General Bridges commanded in camp, and Major-General Popham took charge of the trenches.

In six minutes the forlorn hope, closely followed by the rest of the troops, had reached the summit of the Breach, where the British colours were instantly displayed. This was indeed a glorious and most animating sight: it relieved all anxiety; for until our troops had crossed the ditch (although every precaution was taken for filling it, if necessary), even the most sanguine mind could not be entirely void of doubt.

In a few minutes more the Breach, one hundred feet wide, was crowded with men, who being now collected in sufficient force to enter upon the rampart, filed off to the right and left, according to General Baird's instructions.

The movement of the columns was confined to a narrow space, the breadth of the rampart. Of the left little could be distinguished, as the leading companies were soon hid by the cavalier, and by those that followed; so far we perceived, that as the column advanced, the enemy retired, and another flag was shortly displayed upon the north-west bastion.

To the right of the Breach we had a distinct view of every movement. Here, the enemy retreated the

[1] They had crossed over on the nights of April 30th and May 2nd.

moment our men advanced upon them with the bayonet. Captain Moll, commanding the grenadier company of the Scotch Brigade, was very conspicuous; almost singly, he pursued the enemy until he came to the mud cavalier, behind the great round tower,[1] on which he planted a flag, and displayed his hat on the point of his sword. Under these banners his men soon collected; and being supported by the rest of the troops composing the right attack, they advanced rapidly, and drove the enemy before them. At this moment a small party crossed to the second rampart, from which there was no opposition, and soon got to the cavalier. Many of the fugitives in attempting to escape from the Fort, by lowering themselves down with their turbans, from the walls near the south-west angle, were dashed to pieces on the rocky bottom of the ditch. The panic seemed to be general. Thousands who quitted the Fort, threw down their arms, and fled with the utmost precipitation.

The three cavaliers within the south face, from which it was apprehended the right attack would have received great annoyance, fortunately made no resistance. Those stupendous works were abandoned; the right attack succeeded in getting possession of them, and of the whole of the southern ramparts; and within less than an hour, arrived upon the eastern face of the Fort.

The defence from the west cavalier, behind the Breach, was confined to one or two discharges of grape, just as the assault began. The breaching batteries of eleven guns, six howitzers in the advanced parallel, the four-gun battery, and the four guns in the mill

[1] To the south-east of the railway cutting.

battery, all bearing upon this part of the Fort, supported by ten guns on the north side of the river, most completely enfilading the western ramparts, having kept up a brisk fire for some time before the assault, will easily account for the small resistance made by those who attempted to defend them.

Under so powerful a fire, the approach of the Sultaun's troops to these ramparts was to them extremely hazardous, particularly from the south side of the Fort; and when arrived upon the western face, the danger increased, for there was no security against the enfilading fire, except in small holes dug upon the rampart, or behind two or three miserable traverses which had been constructed during the siege, where the enemy lay concealed, until our troops entered the bed of the river.

So entirely abandoned was the inner or second rampart, and the cavalier, that a small party of only eight or ten men of His Majesty's 12th Regiment, crossing a *bâtardeau* in the inner ditch, a little to the right of the Breach, got possession of the west cavalier.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop was unfortunately disabled by a wound, in a personal conflict upon the Breach with one of the Sultaun's chiefs. Although the column which he commanded soon got possession of the north-west bastion, yet it was afterwards, in its progress along the northern rampart, so vigorously opposed by the enemy, posted behind traverses, defending them one after another, that the front was frequently brought to a stand. The leading officers being all either killed or disabled, Lieutenant Farquhar of the pioneers put himself at the head of

the column; he, also, was instantly killed. Our loss would have been still greater had not the light infantry, and part of the battalion companies of His Majesty's 12th Regiment, under Captain Goodall, been judiciously detached to reinforce the party upon the inner rampart, whence they flanked the traverses, which the enemy defended. Thus supported, the column now led on by Brigade-Major Lambton, pushed forward with irresistible ardour, killed many, and drove the enemy before them as far as the north-east angle. Here, the enemy, perceiving the approach of the right column, were thrown into the utmost confusion; many attempted to escape, and thousands were put to the sword.[1]

[1] Colonel Wilks' account of what ensued at this point is admirably clear. He used Colonel Beatson's book, but had access to other sources also, being Acting Resident, 1804-1808. He writes:

"A principal passage was near, from the outer to the inner rampart, and through a regular gateway in that work to the body of the place; the troops began to escape, some in that direction, some over the ramparts, and a large portion by the Water Gate which led to the river. The Sultan had received a slight wound and mounted his horse a few minutes before this occurrence; if an attempt at flight had been his object, the Water Gate was near, and his escape was more than possible; he *took the direction of the body of the place through the gateway of the interior work*, with intentions, which can only be conjectured, and were not perhaps distinctly formed in his own mind; the most sanguine hope could only have led to an honourable capitulation in the Palace; to close the gate of the interior rampart, if practicable, would have been unavailing for the purpose of defending the inner Fort; for these works were no longer defensible after General Baird had passed the point of their junction: and the rampart which he now occupied was itself a part of the interior work."

History of Mysore, Volume II, page 370.

Captain Goodall's party were of infinite service in flanking and taking in reverse the enemy's traverses on the outer rampart, which were at this time defended by the Sultaun in person; and they arrived very opportunely at the small gate, on the northern face, and fired obliquely into the rear of the gate, while it was attacked in front from the outer rampart by the troops composing the left attack.

The passage across the river from our advanced trench, was by no means difficult; it was a smooth rock, having two or three small streams, twelve or fifteen inches deep; and when arrived at the stone *glacis*, the troops ascended by the slope which terminates the *glacis* before the north-west bastion, to the top of the retaining wall which forms the outer part of the ditch. In the inner part of this wall are steps, made by single projecting stones, by which they could descend into the ditch without using scaling ladders; but these were employed by the right column, in getting over the retaining wall. The water in the ditch, directly opposite to the Breach, was only about knee deep, although much deeper on either side. The Breach was wide and the ascent easy; and when upon it, unless at the very summit, the troops could not be seen from the west cavalier. As the defences to the right and left had been silenced by the batteries, the Breach was, in fact, a place of safety: the danger was in getting to it.

Being arrived at the summit of the Breach, a formidable ditch appeared between it and the cavalier, or the second wall: but as the enemy had not cut off the Breach, and were unable to defend the inner rampart, on account of the destructive fire of the

enfilading battery, it was only formidable in appearance. This rampart is of mud, and seems to be the remains of the ancient Fort of Seringapatam. There were no obstacles to moving to the right and left, along the outer rampart, from which there are several communications to the inner one.

On the right attack, as the enemy had retreated precipitately at the first onset, few of them were killed upon the southern rampart; but in the rear of the great round tower, about three hundred yards from the Breach, Majors Dallas, Allan, and myself, discovered three men apparently dead; two of them, from their dress and other circumstances, appeared to be persons of consequence: upon a closer examination, one of them shewing some remains of life, was removed by Major Dallas from under the two bodies which had fallen upon him. He was severely wounded.

On being raised up, he at first looked wild and alarmed, as if he had mistaken our intentions; but when Major Dallas took him by the hand, and looking in his face, pronounced his name "Syed Saheb," he started and said, "Yes, it is Syed Saheb," and in an instant he became tranquil and composed. He then raised Major Dallas's hand several times to his forehead, and embraced his knees in a most affecting manner. At first he was unable to speak, but having drank a little water, and apparently recovered a greater degree of strength, he asked Major Dallas's name, and how he came to know him. Being informed that he was the officer who commanded the escort with the commissioners at Mangalore in 1784, he recognised him.

Syed Saheb observing how much we were interested in his behalf, shewed his sense of our attentions by silent expressions of gratitude that are indescribable. We called the assistance of a surgeon, who was passing, but, unfortunately, he had neither instruments nor dressings; Syed Saheb shook his head, and observed, it was of no consequence, for he was badly wounded, and must die.

Whilst we sent for his palanquin, which was close at hand, to convey him to camp, we asked him several questions, and particularly if the Sultaun was in the Fort; he replied "that he was in the Palace." Scarcely believing it possible, we again urged him upon this point: he assured us "that the Sultaun and all his family were still there, and that he had left them but a short time before."

At this moment, a firing of musketry recommenced on the south rampart, at a little distance from us; and being informed that the enemy, led on by Frenchmen, had rallied, and were advancing in force, we ascended the rampart, leaving Syed Saheb in the charge of two sepoys. We were much concerned to learn, that soon after we quitted him, in attempting to get up, he staggered, and fell into the inner ditch. This accident probably occasioned his death.

Syed Saheb was a favourite officer of the late Sultaun. He appeared to be about sixty years of age, was a man of considerable ability, and particularly versed in revenue affairs; but as a military commander, his character was held in no estimation. His daughter was married to Tippu Sultaun about the year 1796.

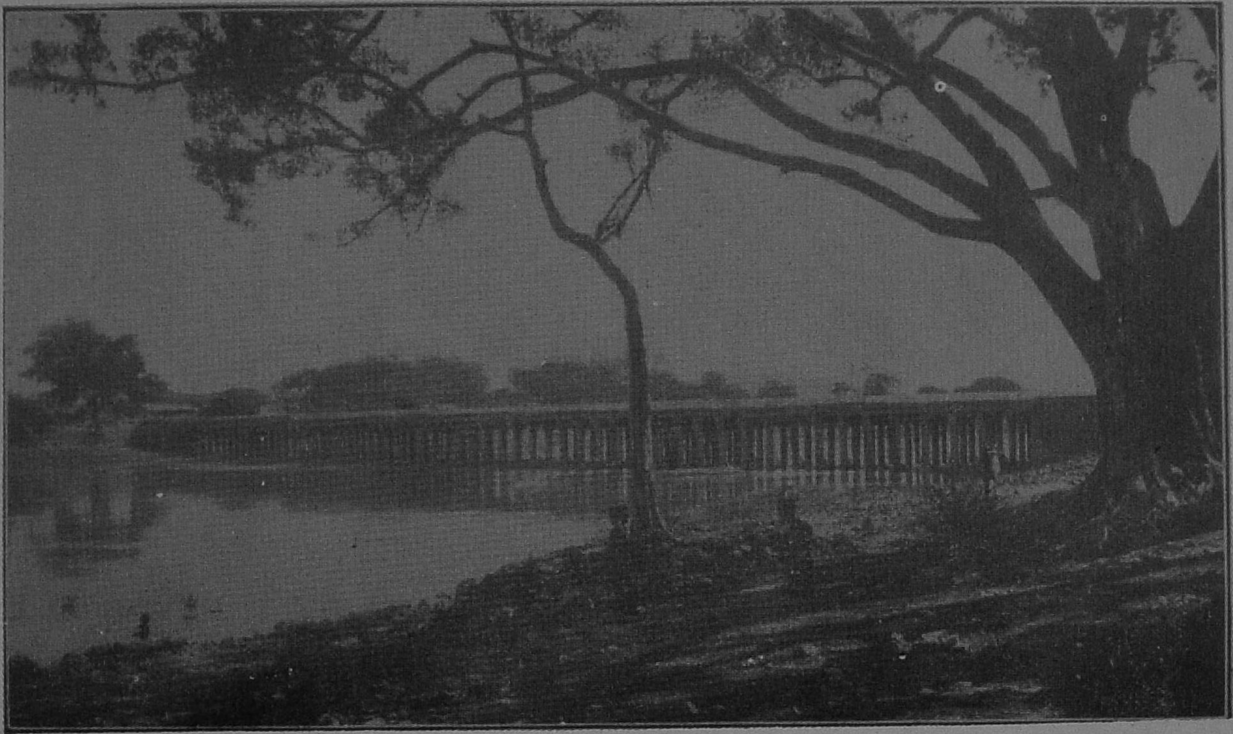
Proceeding along the southern rampart, we came to a cavalier beyond[1] the Mysore Gate. Here, we had a distinct view of the Palace, and plainly discovered a number of persons assembled in a kind of Durbar; one or two being seated, others approached them with the greatest respect. We imagined, from the intelligence just received from Syed Saheb, that the Sultaun himself was there; but subsequent circumstances render it probable that he was not so at that moment.

All had remained quiet since the firing from the rampart; but whilst we were looking into the Palace, there was a smart discharge of musketry on the north side of the town. apparently at the north gate, or new sally-port.

After viewing the persons assembled in the Palace for some time, we proceeded along the rampart to the eastern, or Bangalore Gate, to inform General Baird of what we had seen, and of the intelligence received from Syed Saheb. The General had before heard that the Sultaun was in the Fort, and had halted, in order to refresh the troops before he proceeded to summon the Palace, as they were much exhausted with fatigue, and the extreme heat of the day.

At this time two fresh battalions of sepoys had just arrived; and as the troops were now in complete possession of every part of the rampart, General Baird trusted that the Sultaun would be convinced how fruitless it was to make further resistance. He therefore requested Major Allan, Deputy Quarter-

[1] This seems to be the cavalier on which the flag-staff still stands.



THE WELLESLEY BRIDGE, FROM THE NORTHERN *GLACIS* OF THE FORT.

Master General, who was well qualified to execute the duty, to proceed with a flag of truce to the Palace and to offer protection to Tippu Sultaun, and to every person in the Palace, provided he immediately surrendered himself and his family, unconditionally, to General Baird. The Sultaun was, at the same time, to be apprized, that if the smallest hesitation appeared on his part, in accepting the offer, the Palace would be instantly assaulted, and every man put to the sword.

THE SURRENDER OF THE PALACE

MAJOR ALLAN'S NARRATIVE

Appended to his book by Colonel Beatson

GENERAL BAIRD directed me to proceed to the Palace[1] with the detachment of the 12th, and part of Major Gibbings's Battalion of sepoys: he directed me to inform the enemy that their lives should be spared, on condition of their immediate surrender, but that the least resistance would prove fatal to every person within the Palace walls. Having fastened a white cloth on a sergeant's pike, I proceeded to the Palace, where I found Major Shee, and part of the 33rd Regiment, drawn up opposite the gate: several of Tippoo's people were in a balcony, apparently in the greatest consternation. I informed them that I was deputed by the General, who commanded the troops in the Fort, to offer them their lives, provided they did not make resistance; of which I desired them to give immediate intimation to their Sultaun.

In a short time the Killedar, another officer of consequence, and a confidential servant, came over the terrace of the front building, and descended by an unfinished part of the wall. They were greatly embarrassed, and appeared inclined to create delays; probably with a view of effecting their escape as

[1] Tippu's Palace stood at the east end of the *Maidan* or parade ground, marked M in the Model. It faced west

soon as the darkness of the night should afford them an opportunity. I pointed out the danger of their situation, and the necessity of coming to an immediate determination, pledging myself for their protection, and proposing that they should allow me to go into the Palace, that I might in person give these assurances to Tippoo. They were very averse to this proposal, but I positively insisted on returning with them. I desired Captain Scohey, who speaks the native languages with great fluency, to accompany me, and Captain Hastings Fraser.

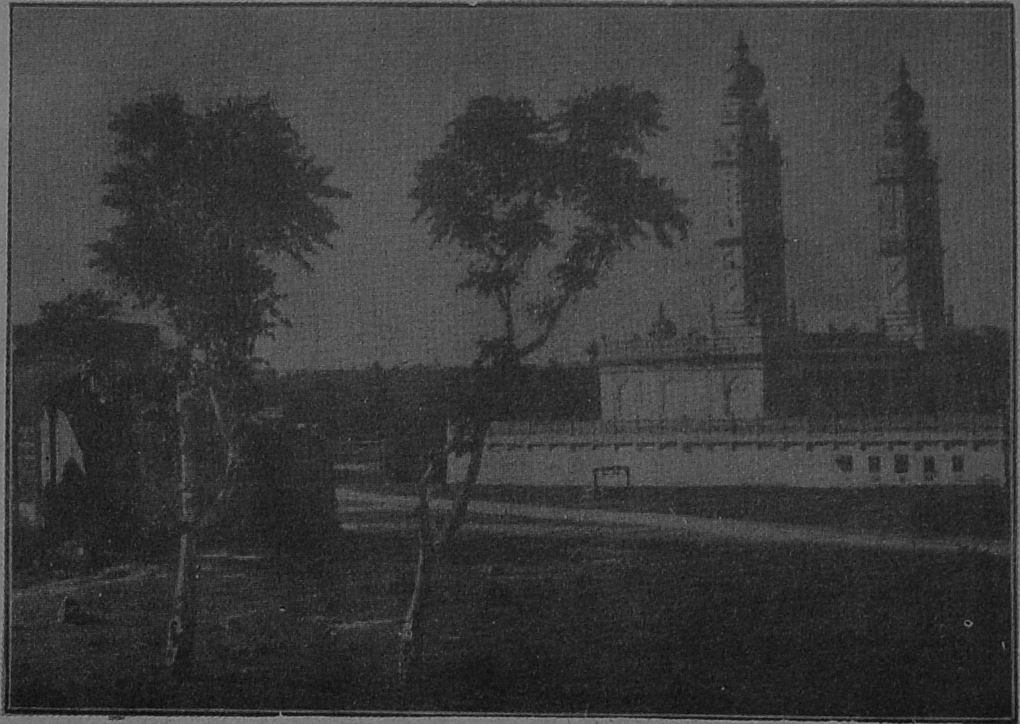
We ascended by the broken wall, and lowered ourselves down on a terrace, where a large body of armed men were assembled. I explained to them that the flag which I held in my hand was a pledge of security, provided no resistance was made; and the stronger to impress them with this belief, I took off my sword, which I insisted upon their receiving. The Killedar, and many others, affirmed that the princes and the family of Tippoo were in the Palace, but not the Sultaun. They appeared greatly alarmed, and averse to coming to any decision. I told them that delay might be attended with fatal consequences; and that I could not answer for the conduct of our troops, by whom they were surrounded, and whose fury was with difficulty restrained.

They then left me, and shortly after I observed people moving hastily backwards and forwards in the interior of the Palace; and, as there were many hundreds of Tippoo's troops within the walls, I began to think our situation rather critical. I was advised to take back my sword: but such an act, on my part, might, by exciting their distrust, have kindled a

flame, which, in the present temper of the troops, might have been attended with the most dreadful consequences; probably the massacre of every soul within the Palace walls. The people on the terrace begged me to hold the flag in a conspicuous position, in order to give confidence to those in the Palace, and prevent our troops from forcing the gates. Growing impatient at these delays, I sent another message to the princes, warning them of their critical situation, and that my time was limited. They answered, they would receive me as soon as a carpet could be spread for the purpose; and soon after the Killedar came to conduct me.

I found two of the princes seated on the carpet, surrounded by a great many attendants. They desired me to sit down, which I did in front of them. The recollection of Moiza-deen, who, on a former occasion, I had seen delivered up with his brother, hostages to Marquis Cornwallis, the sad reverse of their fortunes, their fear, which, notwithstanding their struggles to conceal, was but too evident, excited the strongest emotions of compassion in my mind. I took Moiza-deen (to whom the Killedar, etc., principally directed their attention) by the hand, and endeavoured, by every mode in my power, to remove his fears, and to persuade him that no violence should be offered to him or his brother, nor to any person in the Palace. I then intreated him, as the only means to preserve his father's life, whose escape was impracticable, to inform me of the spot where he was concealed.

Moiza-deen, after some conversation apart with his attendants, assured me that the Padshaw was not in



THE GREAT MOSQUE, AND THE INNER BANGALORE GATE.

the Palace. I requested him to allow the gates to be opened. All were alarmed at this proposal; and the princes were reluctant to take such a step but by the authority of their father, to whom they desired to send. At length, however, having promised that I would post a guard of their own sepoys within, and a party of Europeans on the outside, and having given them the strongest assurances that no person should enter the Palace but by my authority, and that I would return, and remain with them until General Baird arrived, I convinced them of the necessity of compliance; and I was happy to observe that the princes, as well as their attendants, appeared to rely with confidence on the assurances I had given them.

On opening the gate, I found General Baird and several officers, with a large body of troops assembled. I returned with Lieutenant-Colonel Close into the Palace, for the purpose of bringing the princes to the General. We had some difficulty in conquering the alarm and the objections which they raised to quitting the Palace; but they at length permitted us to conduct them to the gate. The indignation of General Baird was justly excited by a report, which had reached him soon after he had sent me to the Palace, that Tippoo had inhumanly murdered all the Europeans who had fallen into his hands during the siege: this was heightened probably by a momentary recollection of his own sufferings, during more than three years' imprisonment in that very place: he was, nevertheless, sensibly affected by the sight of the princes; and his gallantry, on the assault, was not more conspicuous than the moderation and humanity which

he displayed on this occasion. He received the princes with every mark of regard, repeatedly assured them that no violence or insult should be offered to them, and he gave them in charge to Lieutenant-Colonel Agnew and Captain Marriott, by whom they were conducted to headquarters in camp, escorted by the light company of the 33rd Regiment. As they passed, the troops were ordered to pay them the compliment of presented arms.

General Baird now determined to search the most retired parts of the Palace, in the hope of finding Tippoo. He ordered the light company of the 74th Regiment, followed by others, to enter the Palace yard. Tippoo's troops were immediately disarmed, and we proceeded to make the search through many of the apartments. Having entreated the Killedar, if he had any regard for his own life, or that of his Sultaun to inform us where he was concealed, he put his hands upon the hilt of my sword, and in the most solemn manner protested that the Sultaun was not in the Palace, but that he had been wounded during the storm and lay in a gateway on the north face of the Fort, whither he offered to conduct us; and if it was found that he had deceived us, said, the General might inflict on him what punishment he pleased.

General Baird, on hearing the report of the Killedar, proceeded to the gateway, which was covered with many hundreds of the slain. The number of the dead, and the darkness of the place, made it difficult to distinguish one person from another, and the scene was altogether shocking; but, aware of the great political importance of ascer-

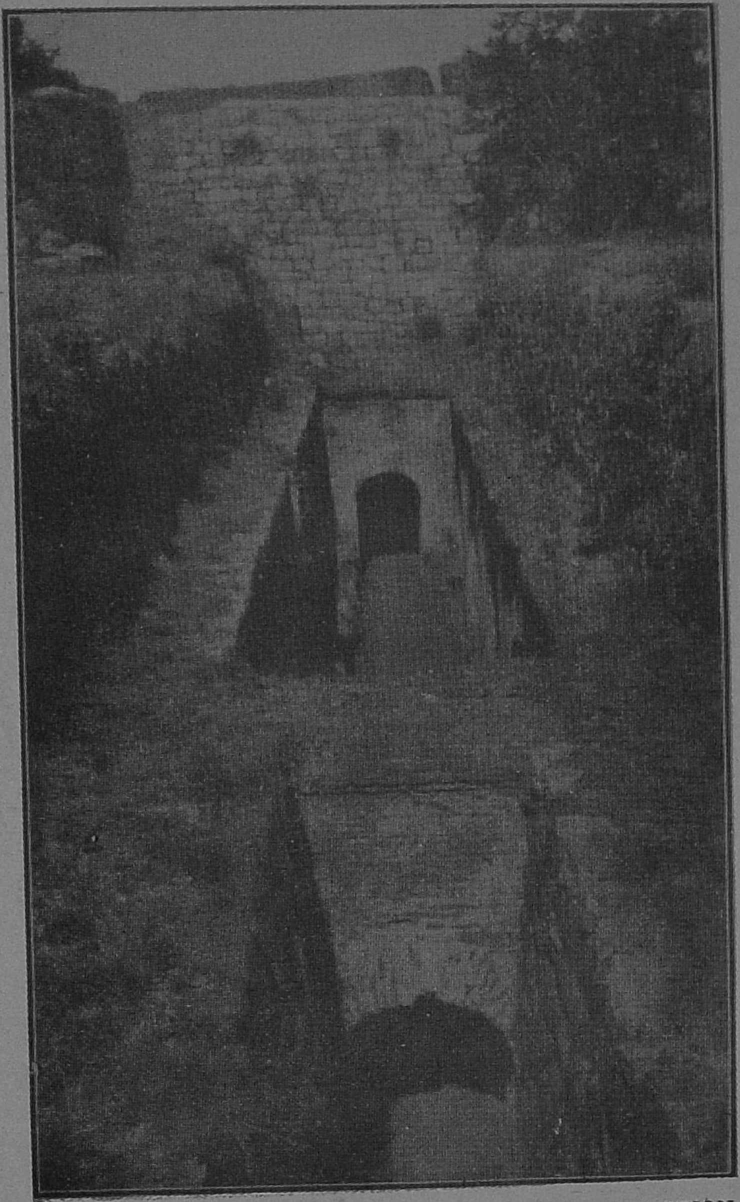
taining, beyond the possibility of doubt, the death of Tippoo, the bodies were ordered to be dragged out, and the Killedar, and the other two persons, were desired to examine them one after another. This, however, appeared endless; and as it now was becoming dark, a light was procured, and I accompanied the Killedar into the gateway. During the search we discovered a wounded person lying under the Sultaun's palankeen; this man was afterwards ascertained to be Rajah Cawn, one of Tippoo's most confidential servants; he had attended his master during the whole of the day, and, on being made acquainted with the object of our search, he pointed out the spot where the Sultaun had fallen. By a faint glimmering light it was difficult for the Killedar to recognise the features; but the body being brought out, and satisfactorily proved to be that of the Sultaun, was conveyed in a palankeen to the Palace, where it was again recognised by the eunuchs and other servants of the family.

When Tippoo was brought from under the gateway, his eyes were open, and the body was so warm, that for a few moments Colonel Wellesley and myself were doubtful whether he was not alive; on feeling his pulse and heart, that doubt was removed. He had four wounds, three in the body, and one in the temple; the ball having entered a little above the right ear, and lodged in the cheek. His dress consisted of a jacket of fine white linen, loose drawers of flowered chintz, with a crimson cloth of silk and cotton round his waist: a handsome pouch with a red and green silk belt, hung across his shoulder: his head was uncovered, his turban being lost in the confusion

of his fall: he had an amulet[1] on his arm, but no ornament, whatever.

Tippoo was of low stature, corpulent, with high shoulders, and a short thick neck, but his feet and hands were remarkably small; his complexion was rather dark; his eyes large and prominent, with small arched eye-brows, and his nose aquiline: he had an appearance of dignity, or perhaps of sternness, in his countenance, which distinguished him above the common order of people.

[1] "An officer who was present, with the leave of Major-General Baird, took from off the right arm the talisman, which contained, sewed up in pieces of fine flowered silk, an amulet of a brittle metallic substance, of the colour of silver, and some manuscripts in magic, Arabic and Persian characters, the purport of which, had there been any doubt, would have fully ascertained the identity of the Sultaun's body."



THE SO-CALLED DUNGEONS, IN THE NORTH-EAST BASTION.

THE LAST DAY OF TIPPU

From information given to Colonel Beatson by Officers and Servants of the Sultan

DURING the last fourteen days of the siege, Tippoo Sultaun took up his residence in the Cullaly Deedy,[1] which was formerly a water-gate through the outer rampart of the north face of the Fort. Tippoo closed up this gate, on the side towards the river, about the year 1793. Here he occupied a small stone choultry within the gate, enclosed by curtains, forming an apartment in which he ate and slept. Near to this choultry, four small tents were pitched, for his servants and baggage.

The Mahomedan and Bramin astrologers apprised the Sultaun that the 4th of May, 1799, being the last day of a lunar month, was an inauspicious day; and in the forenoon of that day, the Bramin astrologers waited upon him, at the Cullaly Deedy, and repeated the same unfavourable omen. Alarmed by these prognostications, the Sultaun went about ten o'clock in the forenoon to the Palace, and distributed among the Bramins an oblation, consisting of the following articles:

To the Shinassee of Chenapatam, he gave an elephant, a bag of oil-seeds (of the sort named teel), and two hundred rupees.

[1] *Kalale Diddi*—the Kalale wicket-gate. Kalale is a village three miles from Nanjangud, the original home of the ***Dalavāyis*** or hereditary Commanders-in-Chief of Mysore.

To different Bramins, he gave a black bullock, a milch buffalo, a male buffalo, a black she-goat, a jacket of coarse black cloth, a cap of the same material, ninety rupees, and an iron pot filled with oil; and previous to the delivery of this last article, he held his head over the pot, for the purpose of seeing the image of his face; a ceremony used in Hindostan to avert misfortune. He, soon after this ceremony, left the Palace, without going into the zenana, and returned in his palanquin to the Cullaly Deedy. There he was met by two spies, who reported that the besiegers were preparing to storm, and that they would attack either in the course of that day, or at night. The Sultaun remarked, that it was improbable they would attempt an assault in the daytime.

Syed Goffar,[1] who commanded near the Breach, also informed the Sultaun that there seemed to be an unusual number of men in the trenches, as if an assault was intended; and he recommended that the Sultaun should give orders to the troops to be alert. Tippoo again expressed his belief, that an assault would not take place in the daytime.

It was near one o'clock when the Sultaun reached the Cullaly Deedy. He immediately ordered his

Sayyid Gaffur had been a cavalry officer in the Company's service and was taken prisoner with Colonel Braithwaite, when he accepted a commission from Tippu. He was a brave and competent soldier, and was put in charge of the Breach. Colonel Wilks records a despairing saying of his about the Sultan: "He is surrounded by boys and flatterers, who will not even let him see with his own eyes. I do not wish to survive the result. I am going about in search of death and cannot find it." He found what he sought near the Breach, while directing a party of pioneers in cutting off the approach.

dinner, which he had not time to finish, when he was disturbed by the noise of the storm. He instantly washed his hands, and called for his sword and fusils; whilst buckling on his sword, he received intelligence that Syed Goffar was killed. He exclaimed, "Syed Goffar was never afraid of death: let Mahomed Cassim take charge of Syed Goffar's Division."

The Sultaun then ascended the north rampart, followed by four men who carried his fusils, by a fifth who carried a blunderbuss, and by two or three eunuchs. He advanced towards the attack, and when within about two hundred yards of the Breach, he stood behind one of the traverses on the rampart, and fired seven or eight times with his own hand, at such of the assailants as had advanced within shot. His head servant, Rajah Cawn, is of opinion, that three or four Europeans fell by the Sultaun's fire.

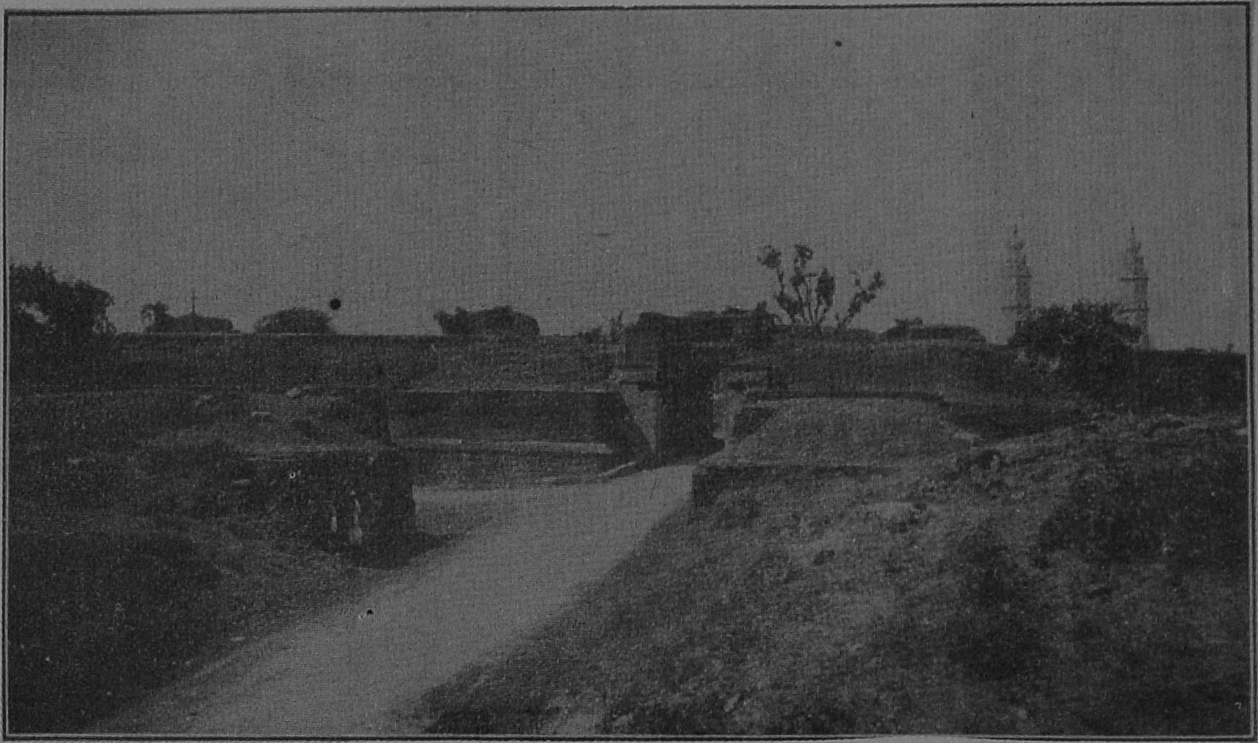
When the Sultaun observed, that such of his own men as were in front had either fled or were killed, he retired along the north rampart. . . . Here he complained of pain and weakness in one of his legs, which had been badly wounded when very young, and, desiring his mare might be brought, . . . he proceeded eastwards upon the rampart, till he came to the slope at the new sally-port, in the inner, or new rampart. Here he descended, still on horseback, and crossed the bridge which passes over the inner ditch. When he entered this sally-port or water-gate, it was so much crowded that he could not make his way into the town. . . . As he was crossing to the gate by the communication from the outer rampart, he received a musket ball in his right side. . . He advanced through the crowd three or four paces in the gateway

. . . until he was stopped about half through the arch of the gateway by the fire of the 12th Light Infantry from within, when he received a second ball in the right side close to the other ; the mare he rode being wounded at the same time.[1]

The Sultaun having told Rajah Cawn that he was wounded, this faithful servant proposed to him to discover himself ; but the Sultaun said, "Are you mad ? be silent." Rajah Cawn now endeavoured to disengage him from the saddle, in which attempt they both fell, together with the horse, amongst the dead and wounded men. Rajah Cawn was shot through the leg. . . . The fallen Sultaun was immediately raised by some of his faithful adherents, and placed upon his palanquin under the arch, and on one side of the gateway, where he lay or sat for some moments faint and exhausted, until some European soldiers entered the gateway. . . . The firing had now nearly ceased below the arch of the gateway ; and a grenadier came up to Tippoo and seized his sword-belt, with a view to strip it of the gold buckle by which it was fastened. The Sultaun instantly stretched out his right hand, and snatching a drawn sword, which happened to lie within his reach, made a stroke at the soldier. The blow falling upon his musket, he made another stroke at another soldier with more effect : and immediately afterwards was killed, by a musket ball which penetrated his right temple.

Rajah Cawn, the only person now living, who accompanied him during the whole forenoon of the

[1] Apparently he also received another wound in the left breast.



THE BANGALORE GATE, FROM THE EAST

4th of May, declares that he could not discover where the Sultaun intended to go, if he had succeeded in making his way into the town through the gate. He imagines, however, that his greatest anxiety was on account of his family; and that, from some expressions which had fallen from him, he had conceived the design of putting them to death, under an apprehension that they would be exposed to indignities in the tumult and fury of the assault.[1]

[1] This whole section is dove-tailed together from two separate narratives given by Colonel Beatson. There are some discrepancies in details. The other version—apparently Raja Khan's—of the end is that the Sultan struck at the plundering soldier with his own sword, which he had retained in his grasp. The soldier was wounded about the knee, and putting his piece to his shoulder, shot the Sultan through the temple.

THE BURIAL

THE preparations for the funeral of Tippoo Sultaun, were superintended by the principal Cauzee of Seringapatam; every article was provided according to his directions, that the ceremony might be performed with as much pomp as circumstances would permit. The bottom of the state palankeen served as a bier, in which the body was laid, wrapt up in muslins, and covered by a rich brocaded cloth.

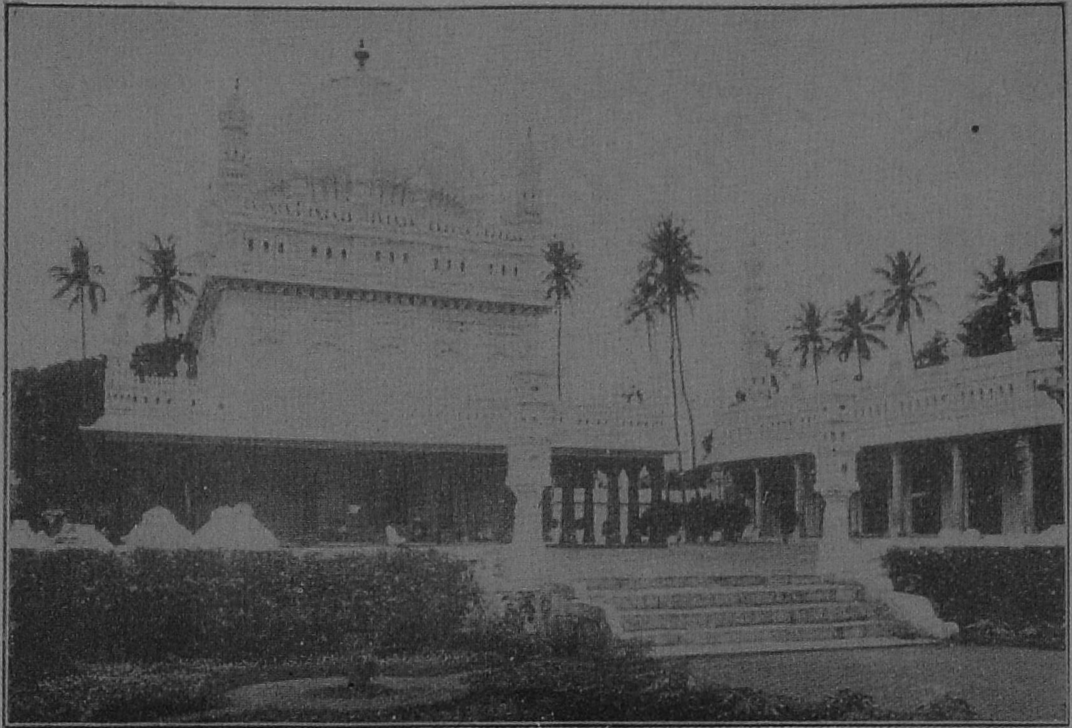
Colonel Wellesley having informed Abdul Khalik,[1] that four flank companies of Europeans should attend, and that minute guns should be fired during the funeral; the prince, at first, expressed some disinclination to accept the escort; but on being assured that it was meant, purely, as a mark of respect to the deceased Sultaun, he consented.

Meer Allum,[2] who had signified a desire to assist at the interment with the Mussulmen chiefs of his army, was informed that the body would leave the Fort at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th.

The bier was supported by the attendants of the Palace, preceded by two companies of European grenadiers, and followed by an equal number. Abdul Khalik rode immediately behind the bier, accompanied by the Killedar and other Mussulmen on foot. The Cauzee chaunted some verses from the Koran, which were repeated by the attendants.

[1] The second son of Tippu.

[2] Commander of the Nizam's Army.



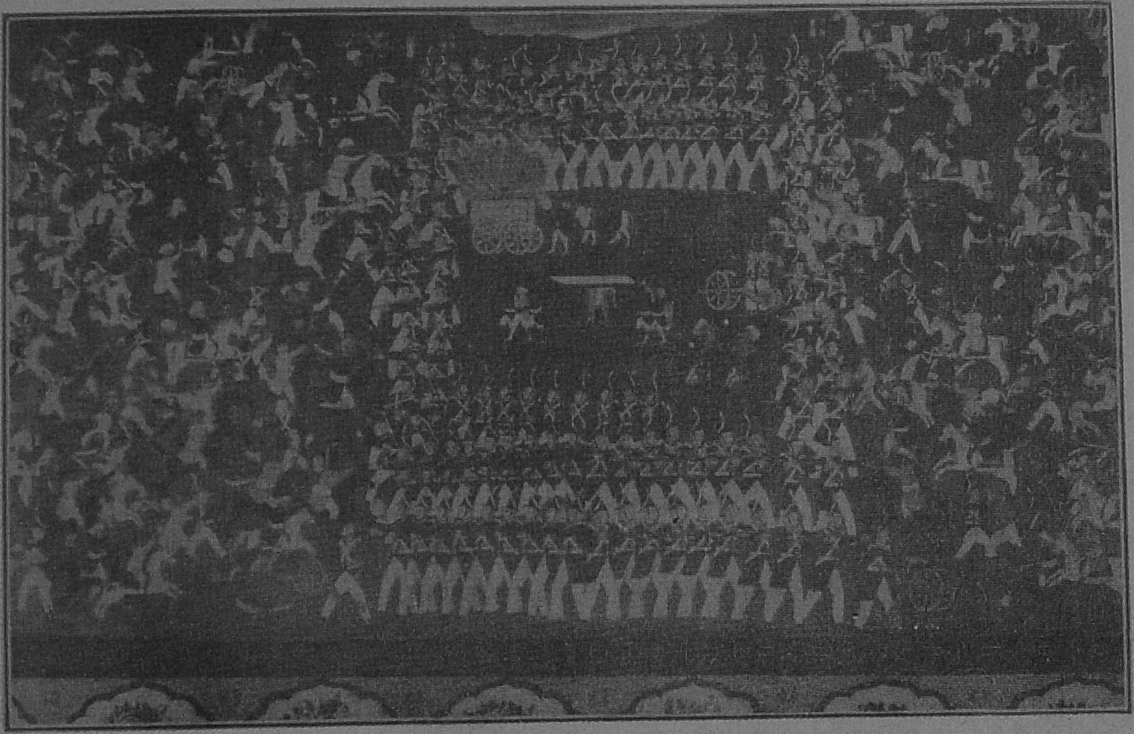
THE TOMB OF HAIDAR ALI AND TIPPU SULTAN.

The streets, through which the procession passed, were lined with inhabitants; many of whom prostrated themselves before the body, and expressed their grief by loud lamentations.

Meer Allum, and the chiefs of the Nizam's Army, met the body at the entrance of the Loll Baug, and after paying their respects to the prince, fell into the procession.

When the body had reached the gate of Hyder's mausoleum, the grenadiers formed a street; and presented arms as it passed. The usual service being performed, the body was placed near to that of the late Hyder Ali Khan; and a *keeraut*, or charitable gift, of 5,000 rupees, was distributed by the Cauzee to the different facquirs, and to the poor who attended the funeral: and to add to the solemnity of the scene, the evening closed with a most dreadful storm, attended with rain, thunder, and lightning, by which two officers and some others in the Bombay Camp were killed, and many severely hurt.

To enable visitors more easily to see and appreciate the many points of interest in Seringapatam, the following notes have been added to the original edition of this little book, by another hand.



FRESCO IN THE DARYA DAULAT: COLONEL BAILLIE'S DEFEAT.

SERINGAPATAM

LEAVING the Station, and walking up the railway towards Mysore, just before we reach the bridge we come to the line of fortifications on our right and left. Mounting the rampart to the right, we can at once see below us, on the left, the river, and the outer ditch, now dry, and the little sheltering wall, or *fausse-braye.* The rampart on which we are standing is the outer rampart, and below us on the right is an old mosque dating from before the siege, and the Garrison Hospital, built for British troops after the fall of the city. Walking along the rampart we soon come to the re-built Breach, from which we see the lofty but ruined cavalier on our right, and on our left the various lines of defence mentioned on page 12. From the top of the rampart the inner ditch is not impressively deep. But if we clamber down to the bottom, we see the outer rampart rising in three stages, the lowest of which is cut out of solid rock, while the cavalier towers above us on the right, a formidable mass.

The Breach

Climbing back to the top of the rampart, we can see the shot marks on the old brickwork just below the monument, and on the breastwork beyond. During the siege there were two enfilading batteries, 900 yards away beyond the monument, on the north bank of the river. But the shots that left these marks on the brickwork were from the three breaching batteries just across the river, on the south bank, the nearest of which was

only 400 yards away. The inscription on the monument (which was erected in 1907 by the Government of Mysore) tells us that during the month of April 4th to May 4th, 1799, of British troops, 192 were killed and 657 wounded, while 108 were killed and 385 wounded among the Native troops.

We are now standing on the extreme western point of the Fort, and as we turn round to the right, following the line of the fortification, we can see, crossing the north branch of the river, a line of rocks or stones, which Beatson calls "the ruins of the Delhi Bridge," which are still used as a ford; and at the northern end of which, on the river bank, can still be seen the ruins of an incomplete bridge-head defence.

If we walk along the top of the rampart, we get a good idea of the appearance of the old Fort, from outside. We soon pass over a small gate, the so-called Delhi Gate, evidently leading to the Delhi Bridge, and see on our right the first trees of the long avenue of tamarinds planted by Colonel Wellesley when, to improve the health of the Fort, he threw the inner rampart into the inner ditch (page 13). This second inner rampart and ditch were erected along the whole length of the northern face in 1799, just before the siege, but we shall not see any trace of them again until we come to the south face of the Fort.

The Siege of 1792

While this little book is very largely an account of the events of May 4th, 1799, it must not be forgotten that in February, 1792, an army under Lord Cornwallis approached Seringapatam from the north, and, after driving

Tippu's Army across the river in the night, occupied a position on the island to the east of the Fort. As a result of these operations Tippu made overtures of peace; and on February 23rd, 1792, he accepted the terms offered to him by Lord Cornwallis. The treaty, by which Tippu agreed to cede nearly half his territory, and to pay more than three crores of rupees indemnity, was signed on March 19th, 1792.

Sibbald's Redoubt

Standing to-day on the Sultan Battery, the great projection in the rampart just beyond the railway, we look across the river to the position from which Tippu's Army was driven on the night of February 6th, 1792. Nearly three miles away, on our right, is the hill Karighat, from which Lord Cornwallis directed the next day's action. About halfway between it and us is Sibbald's Redoubt. That redoubt, then called the Sultan Redoubt, was lost without resistance during the night attack, but as morning broke the enemy surrounded it on all sides. It was held by a small force of 100 Europeans and 50 Bengal sepoys, commanded by Captain Sibbald, and, when he was killed, by Major Skelly. Daylight soon shewed that to maintain this post would require every exertion of a vigorous defence, for it was exposed to the cannonade from the Fort and the assaults of the enemy. Our army being kept at a distance by the guns of the Fort, the small party in the redoubt were left to their fate.

During the day three attacks were made by the enemy in great force—at 10 a.m., at 1 p.m., and again at 2 p.m.—and all of these were beaten back with great gallantry. But the day was extremely sultry, and many of the wounded were dying for want of water. Once

a quantity of powder blew up, and scorched a number of the men severely. Later in the day, if it had not been for the timely discovery of two strayed ammunition bullocks in the trench outside the redoubt, our men would have run out of ammunition. But by four in the afternoon the enemy's fire slackened, and they soon began to retire to the island. By this time the redoubt had become "a horrid scene of carnage." Two officers and 19 privates were killed, and three officers and 22 privates were badly wounded. But the redoubt had been kept by 150 men against an army.

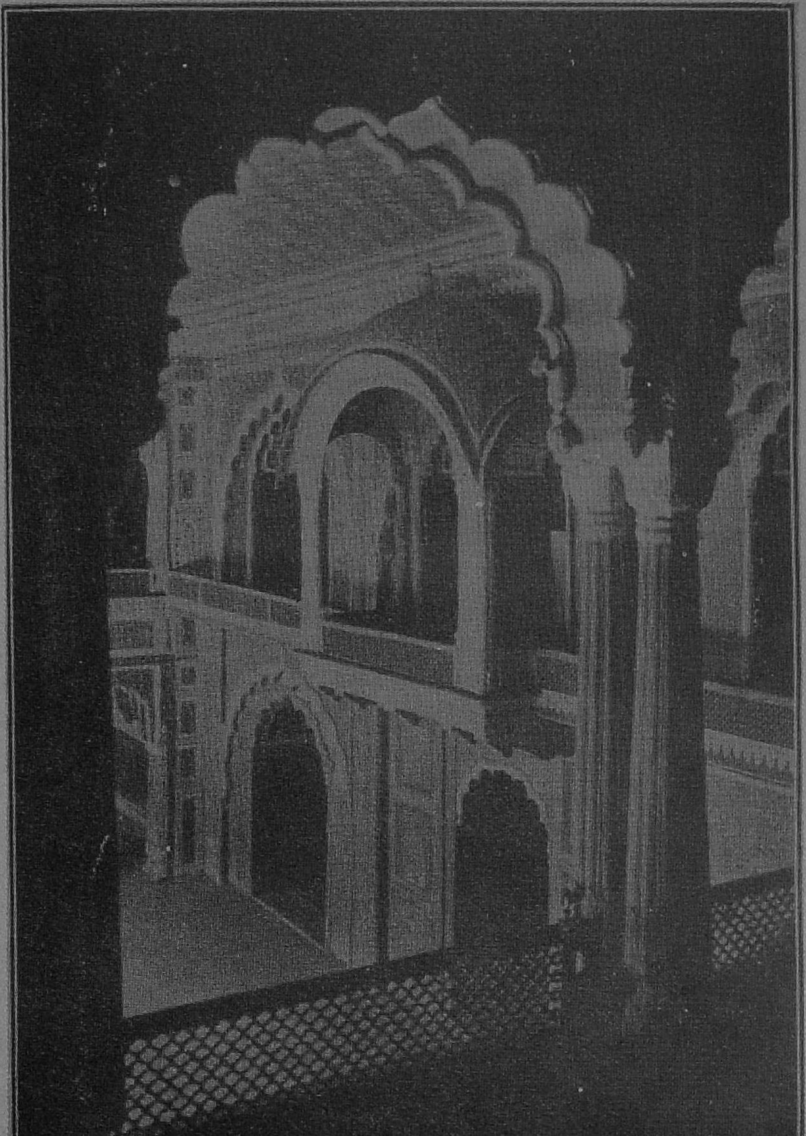
As at that time the north face of the Fort was discovered to be weak, at any rate in parts, it was decided to make the main attack across the river against this face, and on February 18th preparations were begun. Major Dirom says: "Tippu was seen frequently every day on the ramparts, particularly on the northern face, viewing our approaches and giving directions to his own troops. He was at work day and night making every preparation possible for a vigorous defence."

It is along these ramparts that we are now walking.

The Sultan Battery was evidently one of the great defences of the northern face of the Fort. It is here,

The "Dungeons"

in what is evidently a bomb-proof shelter, that tradition says some of the European prisoners were confined, and every little boy in Seringapatam seems anxious to shew visitors the "dungeons" (page 14). Here, for the first time, we notice the blocks of stone projecting from the walls, each with a narrow hole drilled through it, the use of which is such a mystery. We shall see similar blocks in the Guardrooms of the gates.



THE INTERIOR OF THE DARYA DAULAT.

On our right now, beyond the tamarind avenue, is the Parade Ground, or Maidan, at the west end of which is the great temple of Ranganatha Swami.

Just beyond the Sultan Battery is a tower on the wall, which, with another a little further on, guards a small gate called the Jibi Gate. Jibi, in Kanarese, means the space between two walls; and this gate is so called, it seems, because it opens no further than to this space between the outer ditch and the rampart. Beyond the ditch, all round the north face, the *glacis* was covered with slabs of stone to prevent the slope being destroyed by the river when it was in flood.

The Maidan

On our right we can now see the whole extent of the Maidan or Parade Ground. The temple with the tower is the Ranganathaswami Temple, the only temple of the many in Seringapatam whose gopura was not destroyed by Tippu Sultan (page 9). The other temple, on the other side of the Maidan, is the Narasimhaswami Temple. Between them is a small new building, which marks the site of the old Palace of the Mysore Rajas, in which H.H. the Maharajah Sri Krishnaraja Wodeyar, grandfather of the present Maharajah, was born. He was the young Raja, referred to on page 16, and the tomb of his mother, the celebrated and gifted Maharani Kempananjammanniavaru, is in a garden just outside the Paschimawahini railway station. This is the Palace referred to on page 15. At the east end of the Maidan, facing the Ranganathaswami Temple, are the remains of Tippu Sultan's Palace, which seems to have been built on a high basement. In Major Allan's Narrative (page 42) reference is made

to a "terrace" in front of the Palace, the remains of which are no doubt what we now see.

It seems most probable that the prison, in which Captain Baird and so many other brave men were confined, was somewhere in this corner of the Maidan.

At the east end of the Maidan, the rampart is breached to allow the townsfolk to reach the new bathing-ghat. After descending from the rampart here, we may either continue on the level, and walk on between the lines of tamarinds that still mark the position of the old inner ditch, until we come to the Water Gate; or we may, with a little effort, climb up again on to the rampart and follow the course Tippu must have taken as he retired on the 4th of May (page 51 and note page 36). In any case, we shall soon come to the Gangadhareshvara Temple (the tower of which was demolished, it is said, because it overlooked Tippu's Palace), and a few yards further on to the Water Gate.

Where Tippu Fell

Passing this gate, either on the upper level of the rampart or on the lower level of the roadway, about 200 yards further on we come to a square plot on the left of the roadway, surrounded on three sides by the mud walls of the gardens, but open on the fourth to the road. This is the traditional site of Tippu's death; and as, at this point, there is a road still running into the Fort on the right, it seems quite likely that the gate in the inner rampart (page 14) may have been here.

The north-east angle of the Fort, which we now approach, was very strongly fortified, and in 1792 was strengthened by a bastion built in the European style, near which there was a small sally-port in the ram-

part, which may still be seen. Later a partial fall of the rampart provided an opening, beyond which a flight of steps now leads down to the water of the outer ditch. At any rate, this opening is now called "Bidda Kote Bagalu"—the Gate of the Ruined Fort. If we descend the flight of steps and walk on a few yards, we shall reach a door in a garden wall which leads us to some more bomb-proof shelters, discovered in 1895, and commonly supposed to be dungeons.

Coming back through the garden gate, and turning sharp to the right, we find ourselves quite outside the Fort, and close to the southern end of the Wellesley Bridge. Those who care to cross the bridge will gain an interesting view of the north wall of the Fort, and will find a monument commemorating the building of the bridge, with the following inscription:

WELLESLEY BRIDGE
DEDICATED TO
RICHD. MARQUS. WELLESLEY, K.P.
GOVR. GENL. OF INDIA
BY
KRISTNA RAJ WODEIR BAHAUDUR
AS A PUBLIC TESTIMONY OF HIS
GRATITUDE
AND
AS A LASTING MONUMENT OF
THE BENEFITS
CONFERRED ON THE PEOPLE AND COUNTRY
OF
MYSORE.
BEGUN AUGUST 1802.
FINISHED OCTOBER 1804.
UNDER THE CARE OF
POORNIAH DEWAN.

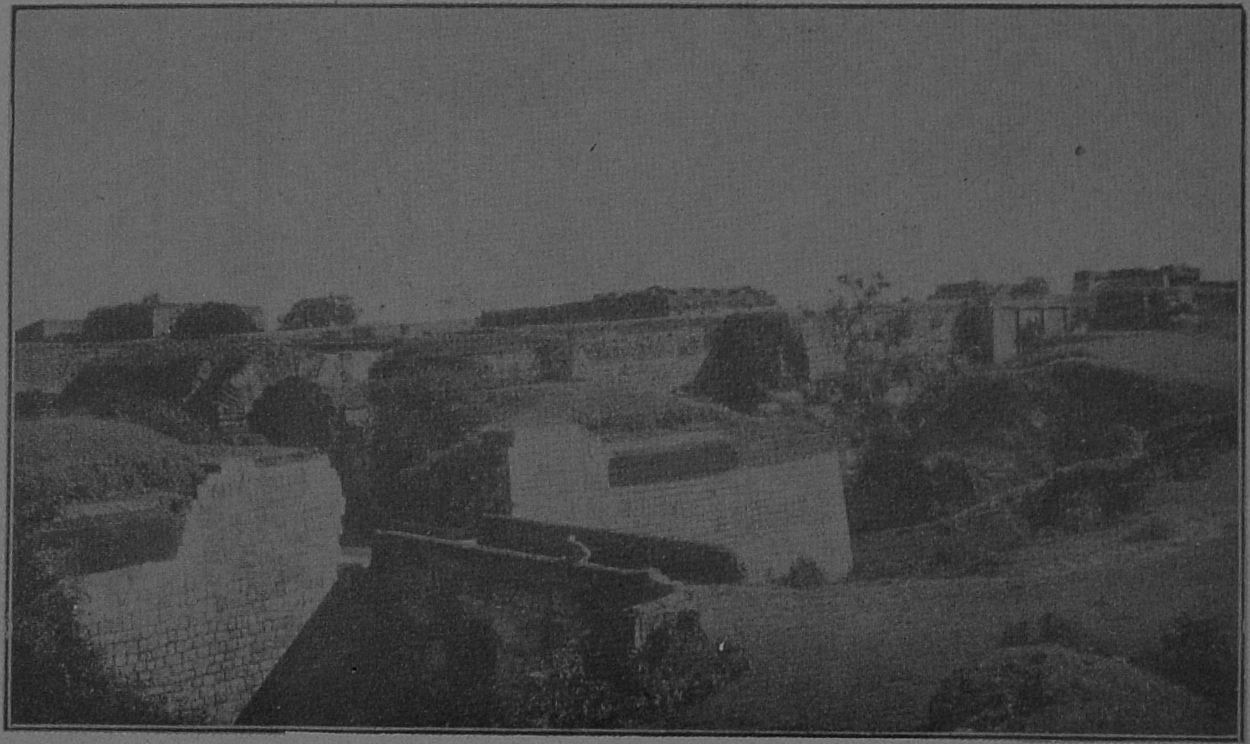
If we wish to complete our circuit of the ramparts we must now come back into the Fort, and, passing the garden gate, mount the flight of steps and then turn to the left. The rampart on our left is considerably damaged, but we need not mount it, for almost immediately we come to the Great Mosque, which was built by Tippu. The view from the minaret of this mosque is well worth the trouble of climbing the many steps which lead to the top.

The Mosque

A little beyond the mosque we come to the Bangalore (or Ganjam) Gate in the rampart, which, when Seringapatam was the capital, seems to have been a very fine gate. It was evidently, like the entrances to so many Indian forts, a series of gates, only three of which remain—two through which the road passes, and an inner one, now isolated, which marks the line of the inner rampart.

If we mount the outer rampart (as we can near the Bangalore Gate) we can, with some difficulty here and there, walk along it until we at last reach the railway line again. For those whose time is limited, this part of the excursion may be omitted. But anyone who can find time to complete the round of the rampart will be rewarded with many very beautiful views, and will carry away a much more complete impression of the extent and strength of the Fort.

As we walk along the outer rampart on the eastern and southern faces of the Fort, we are retracing the steps of the storming party, which, on the 4th of May, 1799, turned to the right after mounting the Breach (pages 39, 40); and what we now see helps us to understand Colonel Beatson's Narrative. To begin



THE MYSORE GATE, FROM OUTSIDE.

with, the space between the inner and outer ramparts on this side is much wider than in the other parts of the Fort. And, as the south-east corner is considerably higher than the rest of the Fort, we can understand how Colonel Beatson and his companions could see into the Palace from the rampart there (page 40)

Soon after we turn the corner between the east and south faces, we see inside the Fort the great cavalier on which the flag-staff now stands. It was from this part of the rampart that Colonel Beatson saw the strange scene referred to above, and even now from here one can see the upper storey of the chattram, which stands on the site of Tippu's Palace.

A little further on we come to the Mysore Gate, which was once the chief entrance to the Fort. It, again, was a series of gates, of which three still stand; and in addition to the two original gates which here pierce the outer rampart, there is another gate in characteristically British military style, which appears to have been built in order to straighten out the road into the Fort, which in Tippu's time was made to wind from gate to gate. All three of the remaining original gates were very lofty, so that elephants could easily pass through them. The inner gate of the outer rampart has a Persian inscription very beautiful carved on a slab let into the masonry, the translation of which is as follows:

The Mysore Gate

"In the Name of God the Merciful. The Padshaw (Emperor) began the construction of the fort, on Tuesday, the 9th, in the month of Kusraree, in the

YEAR ABURJID 1219, COMMENCING FROM THE BIRTH OF MOHAMED THE PROPHET, WHEN THE HEAVENLY BODIES WERE AUSPICIOUS AND IN GOOD CONJUNCTION WITH EACH OTHER, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THESE STARS THIS FORT IS FILLED WITH ORNAMENTS, ARTICLES OF CONSUMPTION, AND WEALTH (I.E. ALL THE REQUISITES OF WAR, PEACE, AND GREATNESS), AND THIS FORT BY THE GRACE OF GOD WILL EVER REMAIN FREE FROM ALL MISFORTUNE."

Originally the entrance to this gate (as to the Bangalore Gate) was protected by a drawbridge, which spanned the deep ditch. The channels through which the drawbridge chains passed can still be seen, though the great wheel by which the bridge was raised no longer remains, as it does in the Bangalore Gate. If, instead of staying on the rampart, we descend to the road and pass out of the Fort, we come to the road from Mysore. Immediately opposite us is the road to the old Garrison Cemetery, and the road to Scott's Bungalow is towards the left.

Scott's Bungalow

Colonel I. C. Scott was in charge of the gun carriage factory in the Fort in 1800, and afterwards became Commandant of Seringapatam. It appears that the Raja of Mysore built him a bungalow on the banks of the river, not far from the Mysore Gate of the Fort. The legend is that one day, on returning from parade, he found his wife and two children dead of cholera. The tragic fact, however, is recorded on a tombstone in the adjoining Garrison Cemetery: "Caroline Isabella Scott (and infant child), wife of Colonel I. C. Scott, Commandant of Seringapatam, who died in child-bed, 19th April, 1817." The result of this loss was

that Colonel Scott suddenly resigned his appointment, left the place, and returned to England. For many years, by the Maharaja's orders, the house and furniture remained untouched, so that "Aliph Cheem" could write, in 1875:

> "The mouldering rooms are now as they stood
> Nearly eighty years ago,
> The piano is there
> And table and chair,
> And the carpet rotting slow;
> And the beds whereon the corpses lay,
> And the curtains half time-mawed away."

Recently repairs and improvements have renewed the bungalow, but "the odour and stain of decay" are gone, and it is only as the shades of evening begin to fall that one may hope to recall some of the associations of "this bungalow lonely, tenanted only by memories of the past."

The Cemeteries

The Garrison Cemetery, close by, contains the tombs of many other men and women and little children who died here between 1800 and 1860, some of whom are commemorated by a poignant word or two, and some more formally, as, for instance:

> "Underneath this stone doth lie
> As much virtue as could die,
> Which while alive did vigour give
> To as much beauty as could live."

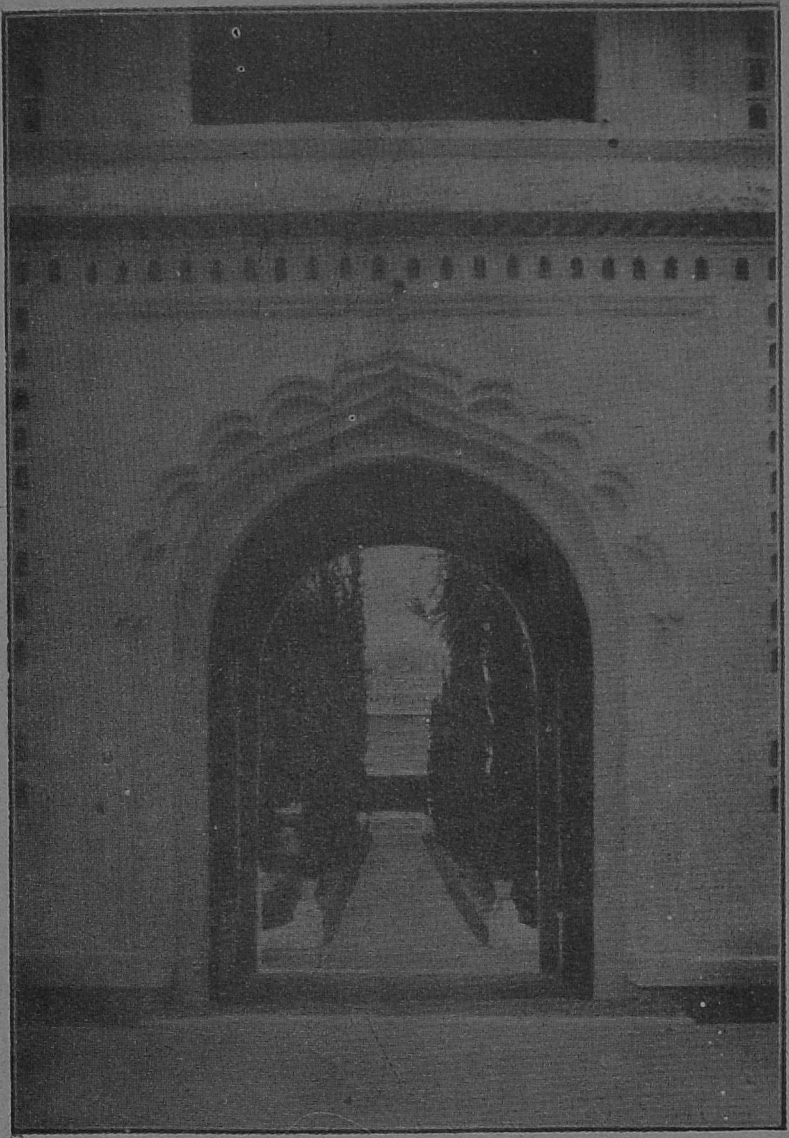
Before this Garrison Cemetery began to be used there was another one, "His Majesty's Cemetery, Ganjam," close to Tippu Sultan's Tomb. It contains epitaphs dated from 1799 to 1801, mostly of those connected with the 33rd Regiment. Daniel Pritchard,

"Music Master" of the Regiment, was buried here in July, 1799; and in November of the same year a little child of four years, Elinda Harmond, was buried here. One is surprised to find that there were tiny children sharing the hardships of those rough times. Colonel Edward Montague, who was commanding the Bengal Artillery, died on May the 8th, 1799, four days after the Assault, and is buried far away near the extreme eastern point of the Island (called the Sangam). There are epitaphs dating from 1804 in the Roman Catholic Cemetery in Ganjam.

But we must come back to the Fort, a most interesting section of which still remains. So we turn back through the Mysore Gate, and, mounting the rampart, walk westward. We are now near the south branch of the river, and soon see the Periapatna Bridge, which not only carries the road traffic, but also an aqueduct through which the celebrated Bangara Doddi channel brings water to the Darya Daulat, and all the southern side of the island. This channel also carries water into the city by an underground conduit. There are still a few private wells which communicate with this underground duct.

The Southern Rampart

The view from this part of the rampart is particularly beautiful. The massive ramparts overgrown with vegetation, the deep ditch, the river with the old bridge, and Chamundi hill in the distance, form a picture which is not easily surpassed. A little further on, and close to de Havilland's arch, is the one gate on this side of the Fort, called, after the ghat to which it leads, the Somalinga Katte Gate. A little further on



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF HAIDAR ALI AND TIPPU SULTAN.

again is the round tower near which Colonel Beatson discovered Syed Saheb (page 38). The tower is falling into ruin, but it is still evident, from the moulding on the masonry which has fallen, that it once was a "round tower." It is about fifty yards east of the railway bridge, and so corresponds roughly to the "about 300 yards from the Breach" mentioned by Colonel Beatson.

We have now completed our circuit of the ramparts. But there are many other objects of interest on the island, which will help us to fill up in imagination some of the details of the picture.

The Darya Daulat

Just outside the Bangalore Gate of the Fort is the Darya Daulat Bagh, "The Garden of the Wealth of the Sea," a summer palace of Tippu Sultan. After the fall of Seringapatam, the Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley, occupied the building for a considerable time when he held charge of the Mysore Territories. There are some most interesting paintings on the walls of the verandah, which were executed at the order of Tippu, and represent, among other things, the defeat of the British Force under Colonel Baillie at Perambakam. It is an amusing caracature, General Baillie being shewn reclining helplessly in a palanquin, while Tippu on horseback calmly smells a rose and gives orders to his troops. These paintings were partially obliterated by Tippu during the last Siege. When Colonel Wellesley lived here, he himself had them restored. In a letter from Colonel Wellesley to Colonel Rose, dated Trincomalee, December 30th, 1800, there is the following reference: "I have received a letter from Lord Wellesley" (his brother,

afterwards Lord Mornington) "in which he talks of going through Mysore in the next season. . . . He proposes to inhabit the Daulat Bagh at Seringapatam, and, although I think it very probable that the plan will never be put into execution, I shall be obliged to you if you will now and then take a look at my house, and urge forward the painting of it."

When, half a century afterwards, Lord Dalhousie, as Governor-General, visited Seringapatam, he found the building unoccupied and visibly falling into decay, though he saw and talked with an aged man who remembered and described Colonel Wellesley's residing there. The wall paintings were still traceable, though greatly faded. Lord Dalhousie gave orders for the repairs and maintenance of the building, and the restoration of the paintings by the aid of persons then living who remembered them in their completeness.

It may be of interest to some photographers to know that it is possible to change plates in the recesses over the stairs leading to the upper storey.

Nowadays Seringapatam is but a shadow of the great city which was the capital of Tippu. It has shrunk until it but partly fills the Fort. But in its glory the city filled the Fort and covered most of the ground between the east face of the Fort and the Gumbaz, or tomb, near the eastern point of the island. Major Dirom says that at that time the Fort and outworks occupied about a mile of the west end of the island, and the "Lal Bagh," or Great Garden, about the same portion of the east end. The whole space between the Fort and the Lal Bagh, except the Darya Daulat, was filled, before the war, with houses of

wealthy and industrious inhabitants, and formed an extensive suburb. Tippu, however, destroyed all but the Pettah of Shah Ganjam, to make room for batteries to defend the island and to make an esplanade to the Fort. This Pettah of Ganjam in 1792 was about half a mile square, and was divided into regular cross streets, all wide and shaded on each side by trees, and full of good houses.

On our way eastward to the Gumbaz, soon after we leave the Lal Bagh the road crosses an irrigation channel, which is beautifully lined with stone. It is part of the celebrated Bangara Doddi Nala already referred to (page 70), the channel built in memory of some "golden girl" of long ago, according to tradition. Some distance to the right of the road is a monument, erected by the officers of His Majesty's 12th and 74th Regiments to the memory of their fellow officers, who were killed or died during the last siege of Seringapatam.

The Pettah of Ganjam

The little village of Ganjam is all that now remains of the great Pettah of 1792. It has, however, another interest, for it was here that the celebrated Abbé Dubois lived for years. He came here first in 1799, a few months after the fall of the city, and for the next 24 years he spent his life in Mysore. It was he who first built a chapel here, and though this has since been enlarged, the walls and ceiling of the transepts are still as the Abbé erected them. In all probability it was while here that he wrote his famous book on *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies*. It was he who introduced vaccination to Mysore, and from a list written in his own hand and still preserved, we find that

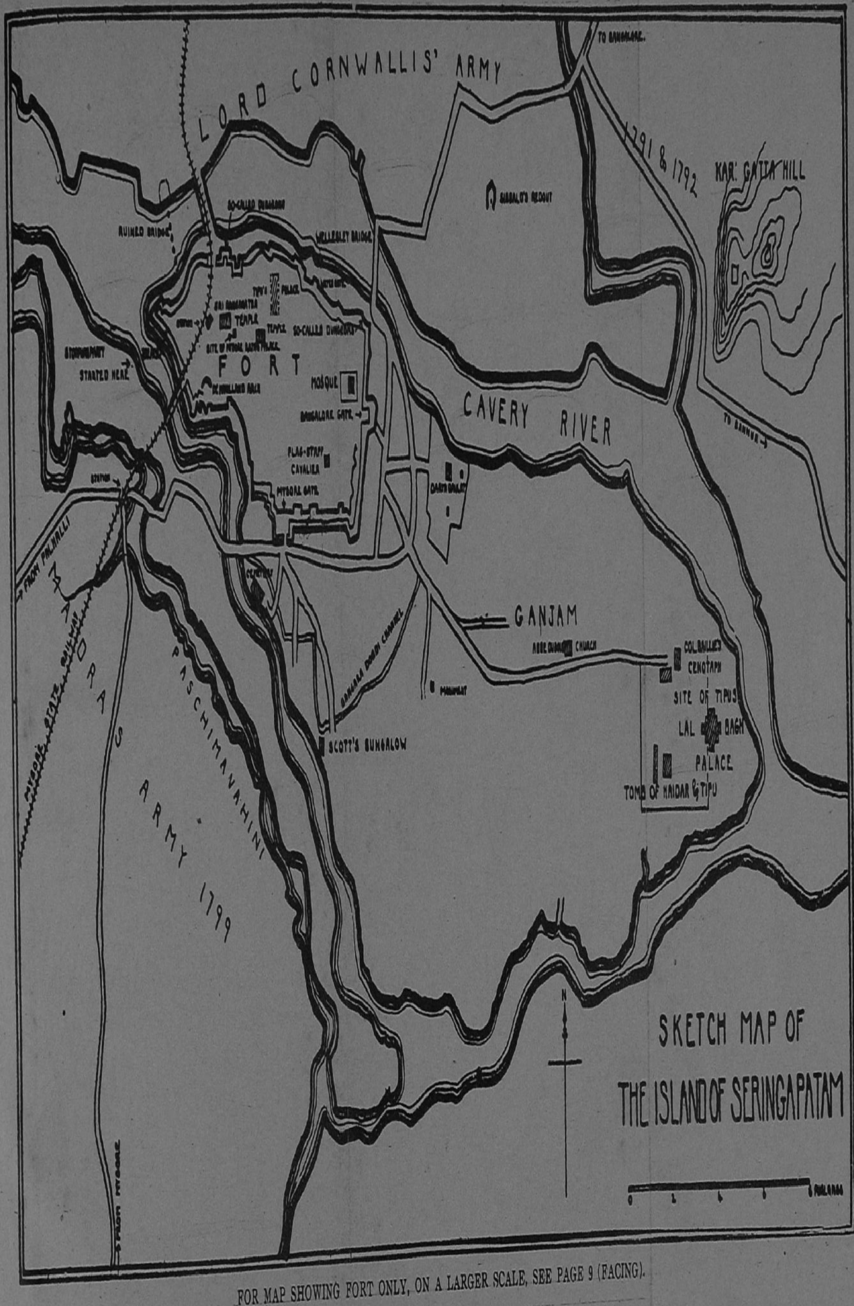
during eighteen months of 1803-4 he vaccinated 25,432 Indians. He died in Paris in 1848, at the age of 83.

The Lal Bagh

A little way to the east of the old Pettah was the entrance to the Great Garden, or Lal Bagh, says Major Dirom. It was laid out in regular shady walks of large cypress trees, and was full of fruit trees and flowers and vegetables of every description. It was dignified by the Mausoleum of Haidar and a superb new Palace built by Tippu. But when it was first occupied by Lord Cornwallis' Army, in 1792, the Fort was still untaken, and so the noble garden was devoted to destruction and the trees were used by the engineers in providing materials for the siege. The sick and wounded, too, were brought to the island. The upper part of the Palace (in the Lal Bagh) and the Darya Daulat were allotted to the officers, while the lower part of the Palace and the faqirs' choultries round Haidar's Tomb were divided into hospitals for the different corps.

There is now no trace of the Lal Bagh or the great Palace which Tippu built. The tomb of Haidar still stands, as it stood that evening long ago when in the storm they brought the body of Tippu, his son, and laid it by his side. The faqirs' choultries are still there, where once the wounded men lay. And outside the entrance to the tomb is a simple memorial to Colonel Baillie, who died in 1782, a prisoner of Tippu Sultan.

"In the Fort a few houses only remain where once there was a great capital, and the ancient temple of Vishnu looks down, as if in mockery, on the ruins of the Palace of the Muhammadan Sultan."



FOR MAP SHOWING FORT ONLY, ON A LARGER SCALE, SEE PAGE 9 (FACING).